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THE ARMISTICE.

OF all the many surprising events of the present year the armistice is the most unexpected. Whether it proceeds from the pressure of England or from the overtures of Prussia, the announcement is mysterious, and, it may be added, unwelcome. It is one of the unfortunate results of a lawless war that even the suspension of bloodshed involves new grounds for confusion and for alarm. The termination of a victorious campaign, before France has seriously felt the burden of the war, suggests the certainty of new encroachments on the independence of Europe. The interruption of hostilities, like every other part of the recent transactions, takes place at the moment which is obviously most favourable to the aggressor. Uniformly successful in the field, NAPOLEON III. was about to enter on the most difficult and uncertain operation of the war. It was universally felt that the campaign had reached its most serious crisis, and that the success of the invading army was but provisional and uncertain until Verona and Mantua were reduced. The reinforcement under Prince NAPOLEON was somewhat more than sufficient to make good the losses on the bloody day of Solferino, and although it is impossible to obtain correct information, the French and Piedmontese must probably by this time outnumber the Austrians in Italy. The question whether their preponderance was sufficient for the purpose of three or four great sieges could only have been solved by experience. It is necessary that in every instance the beleaguering force should be stronger than the garrison, while the main army is at the same time ready to protect the siege against relief from without. Experience seems to show that no fortress is really impregnable, and that the most elaborate works only represent the necessity of a certain expenditure by the besiegers in men and material. When, as in the present instance, the defenders are in communication with a great army in the field, the advantage of strong positions is brought to its highest point. By pausing on the eve of the decisive struggle the French EMPEROR will avoid a great risk, and, at the same time, he will reap many of the advantages which would have attended a complete victory. Austria will be universally held to have acknowledged a defeat, and the credit of moderation will perhaps be added to the splendour which attends the display of irresistible or invincible strength. Any difficulties which may have affected the prosecution of the war will be kept secret or soon forgotten; and if its ostensible object is imperfectly achieved, the partial settlement of the question in dispute will leave convenient opportunities for future interference. The urgency of neutral Powers will serve as an excuse for escaping from embarrassing questions as to the interpretation of Italian independence and unity. It is even possible that the complications which have arisen with respect to the Holy See may have brought on a premature termination of the conflict with Austria. The POPE, while he preserves a significant silence towards France, has lately denounced Sardinia with all the pious indignation in his copious vocabulary; and it has been plainly intimated that the allied Sovereigns will find in the successor of St. PETER an adversary as disagreeable as prayers and patience can make him.

The armistice may possibly be intended, on one side or on both, as a mere preparation for further military operations. The Emperor of the FRENCH may possibly wish to bring up his reinforcements, or to give Russia time to take the field, and the Austrians may hope that any attempt at negotiation will end in a declaration of war by the German Confederation. In 1813, the campaign of Leipzig was preceded by an armistice of considerable duration, and although the Austrian armies were during the whole interval rapidly concentrating in Bohemia, it is still uncertain whether NAPOLEON might, even at the last moment, have formed an alliance with

METTERNICH. In the present instance, the Emperor of the FRENCH has probably made up his mind on the ultimate decision of peace or of war. If he really intends to make terms with Austria, it becomes important to consider the arrangements which will probably be proposed by the neutral Powers, and more especially urged by Prussia. It is evident that the smallest sacrifice which can be made by Austria will be the final cession of Lombardy. The proposals which were lately attributed to the Court of Berlin will be, to a great extent, answered by a reference to the visible fortune of the war, for it is impossible to pretend that a costly and successful campaign should be terminated without any material result. If the German Federation had determined to maintain Austrian sovereignty in Lombardy, the proper time for interference would have been at the commencement of the war. Neutrality involves the admission that the appeal to arms, if not morally justifiable, violates no rights except those of the principals in the dispute. On the other hand, it is clear that the fortresses in the North-East will, if peace is to be made without a further struggle, remain either as an integral part of the Empire, or, under an Austrian Archduke, a part of the military possessions of the Empire. It is difficult to suppose that such an arrangement can be permanent, when its very existence has, under the new code of international law, been accepted as the justification of an unprovoked invasion. The fate of Tuscany, of Modena, and of Parma, will furnish abundant employment for diplomatic skill; but it may be hoped that the neutral Powers will not be unnecessarily solicitous to restore the fugitive Princes who have been, as the POPE observes, expelled to make room for the bitterest enemies of the Church.

The solicitude of established Governments to prevent the aggrandizement of Sardinia is at the same time perfectly intelligible and extremely shortsighted. Count CAVOUR's policy, to have had any reasonable purpose, must, as far as Northern Italy is concerned, have been in a certain sense revolutionary. It was utterly absurd to attempt the expulsion of Austria from the Peninsula without providing an alternative; and it was necessary to create a Power capable of defending the new arrangements which might be made. Any attempt to split up the evacuated territory into duchies and viceroalties can only result in the multiplication of French dependencies. With ten millions of subjects, VICTOR EMMANUEL would have a difficulty in resisting the encroachment of his formidable protector; and if his kingdom were to retain its former limits his gallant little army would permanently become a French contingent. It is also utterly unjust to treat the sympathy of an Italian for his countrymen as an outrage against the moral principles which are at the bottom of the law of nations. The Sardinian cause may be easily distinguished from the pretensions of French ambition, nor is it by any means certain that the defeat of Count CAVOUR's schemes would be unacceptable to NAPOLEON III.

The tidings of the armistice render doubly unintelligible the irritating language of Count WALEWSKI's recent circular. The French Minister is well aware that the Russian manifesto which he praises and adopts was in the highest degree offensive to all the German Governments. As it is probably true that the English Government has placed a strong pressure upon Prussia, it would seem that NAPOLEON III. might have profited by an intervention in his own favour without taking occasion to insult and menace the States of the Confederation. Some of the recent armaments have been actually occasioned by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's supercilious threats; and when all the Federal troops are on a war footing, demonstrations that they can only be used for defensive purposes will become doubly unprofitable. It is absurd to say that the equilibrium of Europe is not menaced by the ostentatious combination of two great mili-

tary monarchies against Austria. As Count WALEWSKI observes, "the Circular of the Russian Government indicates in a manner sufficiently plain the manner in which it will not fail to act when the proper time arrives." It is to provide against the future action so unmistakably indicated, that Germany has been with difficulty restrained from a declaration of war. With so much vigour in action, France might well be contented to display a conciliatory moderation in language, and even to remain on the defensive in diplomatic controversy.

Even if a peace can be patched up, it will be but an armed truce. The engagements between France and Russia will still subsist, the jealousy of Germany will continue in full activity, nor can England safely intermit the progress of her naval armaments. The fate of Italy will still remain uncertain, notwithstanding any legal settlement which may be effected; for the independence which has not been decisively conquered can never be regarded as secure. There is always a large element of ambiguity in treaties unless they record the actual balance of forces; but, in some instances, a certain amount of reliance may be placed on the formal obligations undertaken by Governments. At present, the most enthusiastic admirers of NAPOLEON III. must admit that, however noble and just may be his aspirations, his promises are absolutely nugatory. A new declaration that the Empire is Peace would be at the utmost only understood to mean that two or three years were required to recruit the finances, to fill up the gaps in the army, and to replace the contents of the arsenals. On the day after a general peace, no State in Europe could know whether it might not be involved in a quarrel as groundless as that which was premeditated against Austria from the Conferences of Paris, or perhaps from the capture of Sebastopol. Heroic, sentimental, generous, and popular, Fra Diavolo is still a brigand. Philanthropy and Liberalism, while applauding his achievements in consideration of their immediate object, nevertheless scarcely affect to deny that they would sleep sounder under the protection of the police.

VÆ VICTIS.

ENGLAND has seldom wanted a veteran statesman who has outlived the turmoil of party and become, more truly than the favourite Minister of the day, the representative of the entire nation. No man has inherited so large a share of that paramount influence which the late Duke of WELLINGTON enjoyed for many years before his death as Lord LYNTHURST. There is little apparent resemblance in their careers. The authority which the military hero won by the renown of his past achievements the veteran lawyer has gained by the soundness of his judgment and the almost juvenile force of the eloquence in which he embodies the experience of age. But the real title of each to be looked upon as the counsellor of the nation in moments of doubt and difficulty has been essentially the same, and glory and eloquence would have availed little without the genuine patriotism which commands an instinctive recognition alike from the peasant and the peer. It is, no doubt, essential to such a position that its influence should be sparingly used, and that the voice of warning or appeal should be reserved for occasions on which the heart of the country is ready to respond to it. Such a time, however, has come, and Lord LYNTHURST could not have chosen a theme more worthy of the orator than that which he has made the occasion of one of his noblest efforts. In simple and truthful words, equally free from panic and bravado, he painted the perils to which blind confidence may expose us, and gave expression to the universal feeling which frets with impatience at official apathy, and finds vent for itself in volunteer associations. With the exception of Her MAJESTY'S Ministers, there is perhaps not a man in England who will question any one of the positions on which Lord LYNTHURST built up his demonstration of the urgent necessity for more vigorous, and above all more systematic, preparations for defence. We have all been bred up in the faith that the soil of England is unassailable. Our confidence has rested on the naval supremacy which the Nile and Trafalgar and a score of scarcely less brilliant victories had gloriously vindicated. England had once a right to feel secure. But the past is no criterion for the present. We are still ignorant of the full effects of steam. The tactics of JERVIS and NELSON have become obsolete, and there is nothing yet to take their place. France has gained upon us immensely in relative force, and has established an unquestionable superiority in the ma-

chinery which she possesses for manning her fleet with ready-trained seamen. Every sailor in France is a practised gunner available for service at a week's notice. How different is the case with us!

But equality will not suffice for our protection. It is not merely that our navy has a hundred calls upon its services in every quarter of the globe, or that we may find ourselves again threatened by combinations of hostile Powers. In a few words Lord LYNTHURST condensed the essence of the question. Our navy is defensive. The French navy is aggressive. We need powerful reserves. France needs no reserve at all. One defeat in the Channel would be ruin to us, while France might lose battle after battle and remain as invulnerable to our arms as ever. Will any one pretend that Lord LYNTHURST put his demands too high when he said that to maintain our security, our interests, and our honour, it is necessary that we should have a force measured by that of any two possible adversaries? To command the Channel and the Mediterranean, and to have even the nucleus of a fleet besides for the protection of our colonies and commerce, would require seventy or eighty ships of the line, with a proportionate force of frigates. And what have we? Just forty liners, and rather more than half as many frigates as France. Until lately it was fondly imagined that the difficulty of transporting a large army would afford us a tolerable security against invasion. But are we to be for ever blind to patent facts? If our eyes can be opened, the history of the last few weeks should suffice to warn us. The difficulty of transport did not avail to give Austria even a week's start in the campaign, and the vast armies which are now threatening Verona and Venice were moved, with all their appliances, from the ports of France to the seat of war as easily and more rapidly than we could concentrate our troops on a threatened part of the coast. To what, then, are we to trust? Nature has ceased to defend us. The Channel is already bridged. Our predominance of force, whether in ships or in men, exists no longer. Boulogne flotillas are superseded by fleets of transports, each single vessel of which can carry 2000 men, with all their arms and equipments, in a few hours to our undefended shores. The very dockyards and arsenals which must be the source of our future strength are so devoid of protection that there is scarcely one which might not be taken by a *coup de main*. These, it may be said, are only temporary deficiencies which the material appliances of England can quickly supply. This ought to be true, but what is the fact? Why, that we have not half the accommodation for building first-class ships that France possesses. Our docks and our ships are too few and too small, and the absence of any reserve makes the task of manning even more difficult and tedious than that of building a fleet. These are not disputed assertions, made in the heat of debate, to be retracted on cool reflection. Every humiliating fact which Lord LYNTHURST pointed out was tacitly admitted by the Ministers, who vainly attempted to escape from the duty which they were called upon to perform.

Neither Lord GRANVILLE nor the Duke of SOMERSET pretended that our navy was in strength sufficient for our protection in case of war; and the real issue between them and Lord LYNTHURST was this—"Shall we put ourselves in a position not to fear the approach of war, or are we to content ourselves with hoping that we may be able to escape it?" The duty of England would not be diminished one jot even if NAPOLEON were as worthy of implicit confidence as Ministers affect to believe; and the armistice which may set free an army intoxicated with victory is anything but a guarantee for future peace. Assume France to be our cordial ally—believe in the firm friendship of Russia—and even then the whole country would indorse Lord LYNTHURST'S noble declaration:—"I will not consent to live in dependence on the friendship or the forbearance of any country; I rely solely on my own vigour, my own exertion, my own intelligence." Lord STRATFORD might well declare the shame and humiliation which he felt that a nation like ours should exist for one hour on sufferance. Let it never be forgotten that Lord GRANVILLE frankly accepts this humiliation. The charge he had to meet was that England was not strong enough to assert her independence, and that no sufficient exertions were being made to put her above the possibility of insult and aggression. He answered it, not by questioning the fact of our inferiority of force, but by this dignified suggestion:—"If a feeling of hostility does exist, as is said—not on the part of the Emperor NAPOLEON, but on the part of the French people—I am

"not certain that this speech will tend to allay it." Perhaps not, my Lord BRAMBLE, but the object of the speech was not to allay French irritation, but to make England independent of the caprice of any foreign country. That she is so now no Ministerial speaker has dared to assert. That she ought to be so at all times few will be bold enough in plain words to deny. And yet such a denial is implied by the tone of every Ministerial speech. Nothing can be more wretched than the excuses urged for comparative inaction. Here is really all that can be gathered from Lord GRANVILLE's and the Duke of SOMERSET's speeches. "During the Russian war we were stronger than France, and in spite of the cry 'for economy, our establishment after the peace was kept up to a standard a trifle above that of 1852. Then there was once an outcry that Sir CHARLES WOOD was building 'too many large ships, and even Sir JOHN PAKINGTON reduced his predecessor's estimates. Besides, the present agitation may be followed by a reaction, and then large estimates would be very unpopular; and really, if Lord LYNTHURST makes such exciting speeches, we shall positively be obliged to have armaments on a war scale. Consider, too, how dangerous a thing it is to irritate a powerful and magnanimous neighbour with half a million of disposable troops and a navy much too strong to be contemplated with pleasure."

We are weak enough to think, with Lord LYNTHURST, that the paramount question of the day is how we can most speedily make ourselves strong enough for our own defence; and that the possible unpopularity of a heavy Budget, or the little blunder with which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON began his career, or even the cry against large ships which was once raised in a flimsy article in the *Times*, are comparatively insignificant matters. Of this at least we are sure—that if Ministers honestly desire to put an end to debates which may irritate France, the only way to do it is to satisfy the just demand for vigorous defensive preparations. It is idle to preach placid acquiescence in French superiority, and if Ministers wish to prevent exciting speeches, they must first allay the excitement which springs entirely from a distrust of their intentions which every debate tends to increase. People will never learn to control their impatience and devote themselves to the task of soothing French irritability while the Duke of SOMERSET furnishes them with such pieces of information as the two following scraps from the naval intelligence of the past week:—"July 2. Notice was yesterday circulated in Chatham Dockyard that a number of the 'hired shipwrights recently taken on would be discharged this afternoon.'"—"July 7. The extra hands sent from 'Sunderland, Shields, and other northern ports to Chatham Dockyard were paid off on Saturday.'"—"July 8. Another 'discharge of hired men will be made at Chatham to-morrow.'" Extra work was stopped, we were told, because extra hands had been secured. An equally good reason will perhaps be found why the extra hands are now discharged; but facts such as these harmonize wonderfully well with Ministerial speeches, and make it clear enough that the naval policy of the Cabinet is to go as far as they are driven, and not a step beyond. They could not have hit upon a more effectual device for multiplying the speeches which they profess to deprecate; and, unless they mend their pace, we hope that they have not felt the last of Lord LYNTHURST's lash.

THE TIMES OF MONDAY.

FOR reasons which may not perhaps be altogether satisfactory to the Sabbatarian gentlemen, the London newspapers, and particularly the *Times*, are always better and more energetically written on Monday than on any other morning of the week. The influence of a day of rest makes itself felt in the freshness of the leading articles, and the charitable mind will not pry into the question whether the weary journalist has taken his vivifying repose on the Saturday or on the Sunday. We have seldom read more striking essays than the three which were printed in last Monday's *Times*. Graced with all the rather dishevelled beauties of modern style, they had the advantage of being all addressed to the one subject which rivets the attention of the country. Three gentlemen, of great native capacity and greater acquired power, had the ear of the whole British nation on Monday last, while they discussed the Italian victories of the French and drew the moral of those triumphs for the English. Let us now in cool blood, and three or four days afterwards, re-examine the doctrine of the *Times*, for out of such positions

and arguments as those before us is formed the mighty public opinion of England.

The first article is on the rout of the Austrians at Solferino. For about the period of a column the moral is a good deal dissolved in rhetoric, but at last it emerges in an explicit form. "It is vain to deny that what the Austrians 'are we are. The solidity, the bravery, the old-fashioned 'routine, all of which yield so sulkily before the science of 'an army led and organized by men in their active vigour, 'are like our own solidity, our own bravery, and our own 'routine.'" And then follows a dashing attack on "our 'dear old reverend doting Horse-Guards system:—"

— Quod res omnes timida gelidæque ministrat
Dilator, spe longus, incers, avidusque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti.

On all which we must remark, that it suggests the reflection that other people besides military administrators get sometimes entangled in red-tape. Why, these are the old sermons of the Crimean war, which keep up a ghostly existence exclusively through the force of routine. It is easy to see what reminiscences crowd the mind of the slashing writer. Every now and then in St. James'-street or Pall Mall, one meets a more than middle-aged gentleman in a blue coat, a laced shirt-frill, and perhaps top-boots, and we know at once that the reason why the old buck retains that disused costume is that it was the dress of his heyday. The *beaux jours* of the *Times* were the dark days of the Crimean winter. Then it broke hearts daily, and cracked a reputation once a week. Then it revelled in the jealous rage of the few and the wondering admiration of the many. There is no earthly justification for fining the French successes to a point, and pricking the Horse Guards with it, except that an opportunity is obtained for parading the coat of declamation and breeches of sarcasm in which the old conquests were achieved. Routine, it may be supposed, implies dogged perseverance in an unameliorated system. Whether English administration can be taxed with this, we will in a few moments permit the *Times* itself to pronounce; but if any one Government in Europe is innocent of it, it is that of Austria. One of the few positive results of the Crimean agitation against things in general—the negative results being innumerable and incalculable—was a roving commission, composed of two officers and an Oxford dignitary, which travelled about from capital to capital to discover from what quarter it behoved us to borrow the means of making better officers than those which led our regiments at Salamanca and Waterloo. The Commissioners reported that, of all the newly-invented processes for the manufacture of commanders, that patented by the Austrians was incomparably the most promising. The truth is that, when FRANCIS JOSEPH had once determined to stake everything on his army, he threw routine to the winds, and adopted the most improved methods for perfecting the engine which he intended to supplant all the old machinery of Government. The army which the French have just defeated is one which was absolutely revolutionized by new systems of discipline for the men and education for the officers. Though this does not seem to be known to the *Times*, some of its contemporaries are amusingly aware of it. The *Examiner*, like the *Times*, had the worst opinion, and gave expression to it, of everybody concerned in the Crimean campaign. But the not unnatural effect of that clamour against the English officers and staff which an Oxford wit has epitomized in a quotation not quite so classical as the lines above—

Quinque subalterni totidem generalibus orti
Nomen habent nullum nec, si bene colligis, usum—

has been greatly to extend the area of competitive examinations—an improvement not at all to the taste of the *Examiner*, which has peculiar views on the subject of promotion. Look at these highly-educated Austrian officers—so it wrote after the skirmish at Montebello—how awfully they were thrashed by Zouaves who can't spell their names. Such are the harmonies of the journalistic gospel.

The second of the articles before us is exceedingly remarkable. It has frequently been argued in these columns that all parts of the Constitutional system hang together, and that it deserves to be debited with its executive miscarriages, if they exist, quite as much as to be credited with its success in legislation, or with the prosperity and happiness of the people whose destinies it governs. England is the type of free Governments, and if the diseases of her administration are more obstinate and incurable than those of other nations, *tant pis pour la Liberté*. Some idea of the fact that if a country

is disgracefully beaten in war it is the fault of that country's institutions, seems to have fixed itself in the mind of the *Times* writer, for he undertakes to show that the reverses of FRANCIS JOSEPH are the fruit of his false policy. "What is peculiar to Austria is that to her government and institutions her misfortunes are directly traceable." This thesis is developed at length, and the staple of the article is fierce invective against the Austrian despotism and the young EMPEROR who has added so greatly to its intensity. But the strange thing is that the writer has thrown his effort into the form of a panegyric on the British Constitution. At the commencement, the PRINCE CONSORT is glanced at for having said, five years ago, that our institutions were on their trial; and at the end we are assured that "the paternal system has, like the British Constitution, been put upon its trial; but, unlike the British Constitution, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting." But *how* has the free Government of England survived the ordeal which has been fatal to the despotism of Austria? The demonstration of this capital point is missing. Have our infirmities of administration proved merely transitory? Have we taken to heart the lesson of the Crimean war, and bravely applied ourselves to the defects which it disclosed to us? Have we gone ahead or fallen behind in the march of improvement, and have our resources enabled us to realize and appropriate every invention which science has suggested? The journalist is estopped from answering affirmatively by assertions repeated a thousand times in the columns he is called upon to fill; and accordingly he confines himself to the not very convincing argument that, because Absolutism has failed in Austria, Constitutionalism must have succeeded in England.

It is not till we come to the third article that we get a conclusive answer to the first. In the form of an essay on the defensive character of English armaments, the *Times* publishes an unqualified eulogium on the elasticity of English resources, and the activity of English departments. "The resources of England may well excite the astonishment to which Lord HARDWICKE alluded; but all this means only that, having become suddenly uneasy at the idea of our defencelessness, we have taken energetic means to place ourselves in security at the earliest possible moment." The writer of the first article had been very severe on our Government for its neglect of balloons, and had insinuated, with considerable assurance, that our military authorities were long disposed to sneer at improved rifles. But the other journalist says nothing of balloons, and energetically defends the Admiralty for its apparent precipitation in multiplying three-deckers. He chuckles over the institution of Rifle Corps. He speaks with pride of the Armstrong gun. He is quite enthusiastic about the Steam Ram. His argument, in short, is, that foreign Powers may well marvel at the speed and completeness with which we have re-modelled our military equipment, but that they need not be alarmed just yet, because our preparations are at present entirely defensive. The recommendation to the English, in the first article, to go and learn from everybody else, is now exchanged for a recommendation to everybody else not to be too much astonished at the greatness of the English.

The juxtaposition of these three essays very vividly illustrates the tendencies of English opinion. We may be said to be constantly oscillating between the points here indicated. We begin in the depths of self-depreciation, and gradually work round, through the British Constitution, to the heights of self-exaltation. No Englishman reading the first article is a bit disturbed by it, because he knows he shall come in time to the third. We all of us understand the writer. We know that on the whole he has an honest and patriotic purpose—that he thinks departmental activity in danger of stagnating—and that, so far from considering the sores of English administration incurable, he is satisfied they need nothing but a wash of caustic. We pardon him for using the first irritant which comes to hand, and don't inquire too curiously into the accuracy of his statements or the pertinence of his examples. Our Constitution, after all, is a sound one. We are muscular Christians, who are out of order occasionally, and don't mind being told of it; but our normal state is that of which the symptoms are the Armstrong gun and the Steam Ram. Whether, however, this is exactly the view which is taken of these matters abroad, is quite another question. Almost all the French newspapers copied the first article from the *Times* of Monday; but we don't find that the *Siecle*, the *Presse*, or the *Patrie* were at pains to

reprint the second and third. Considering that the first reflection of a Frenchman on hearing of Magenta or Solferino is, What does this prove as to our ability to beat the English? the journalist who assimilates the English army to the Austrian does his country and Europe a very great disservice.

LORD ELCHO'S RESOLUTION.

LORD ELCHO'S proposed vote of retrospective confidence in Lord MALMESBURY is in every respect a mistake. It is generally allowed that Parliament ought to abstain from affirming abstract maxims; but to adopt a gratuitous responsibility for all the concrete propositions of a thick Blue-book would be a far more gratuitous and embarrassing undertaking. As philosophers have observed, the fact that a thing is true is no reason for saying it, but only for doing it; and it may be added that, when there is no prospect of the conversion of words into deeds, there is always considerable danger of the intrusion of falsehood. Resolutions in favour of Neutrality or of Reform are generally superfluous, because they only indicate the expediency of a line of conduct which may as easily be adopted in silence; but in some rare instances it may be convenient to obtain a formal Parliamentary sanction for some general principle of policy. Declarations of historical belief respecting the past are in the highest degree undesirable, as they contain, under the form of a barren assertion, the most unseasonable pledges for the future. If Lord MALMESBURY wrote well and negotiated wisely, full justice will eventually be done to his exertions; but it would be absurd to tie the hands of his successors by announcing beforehand the propriety of following a precedent which may soon become wholly inapplicable.

Lord ELCHO probably wishes to guard against the adoption of certain errors which Lord MALMESBURY may be supposed to have avoided, and it is impossible to deny that some of the members of the Cabinet, and many of their supporters, are disposed to take a one-sided view of the great European question; but when Parliament entrusts the conduct of affairs to a particular body of statesmen, it must allow them the initiative which properly belongs to their position. The most resolute sticklers against the practice of secret diplomacy may admit that, in the conduct of serious business, secrecy is in the first instance indispensable. A Minister who was a mere delegate of the House of Commons under specific instructions would be utterly unable to take advantage of circumstances in the conduct of negotiations. Foreign Governments have received from Lord MALMESBURY himself sufficient notice as to the universal opinion in favour of neutrality; and a more specific limitation of the discretionary powers of the Crown would only tend to weaken the influence of England.

The Resolution is objectionable on the further ground that it raises no definite issue. If a vote of censure on the foreign policy of the late Government had been brought forward, the House of Commons would undoubtedly have been asked to stigmatize particular acts and expressions. An affirmative resolution involves a sanction of innumerable arguments and proceedings which necessarily involve many changes, some inconsistencies, and a few practical contradictions. An impartial judge, allowing that Lord MALMESBURY did his best, and even that his policy at present seems to have been judicious, will suspend his final opinion till the history of recent transactions is more fully known. The most interesting communications between the Government and its foreign agents have probably been suppressed, and it is still only possible to conjecture the motives which may have occasioned the commencement of the war. When a great success has been achieved in diplomacy or by arms, it may generally be assumed that it is on the whole the result of prudence and of superior ability; but Lord MALMESBURY, with all his industry, his good will, and his conciliatory language, has after all to explain away a failure. The war which broke out in spite of his exertions was probably inevitable, but no person can assert at present that all the resources of policy were in the first instance exhausted. The injustice which may have been committed by political opponents furnishes no reason for a challenge to all persons who may have a criticism or an objection to offer. If there were a chance of averting or determining the fate of a Ministry, an illogical resolution might be tolerated in consideration of the practical effect which it was intended to produce; but the Opposition would agree with the Govern-

ment in deprecating at the present moment a repetition of the recent party struggle.

Lord ELCHO has but lately declared himself an adherent of Lord DERBY; and he can scarcely have become a vehement adversary of a Government which includes all his former friends and leaders. Yet it would have been difficult to devise a motion better calculated than his own to provoke unnecessary bitterness, if it is not withdrawn or judiciously evaded. Neither Lord PALMERSTON nor Lord JOHN RUSSELL has delivered any public disavowal of the foreign policy of the late Ministry, and it is both unfair to ask them for a general certificate of approbation, and unwise to pledge them to censures which have not been voluntarily brought forward. It may be surmised that the tone and temper of their negotiations are not altogether identical with the spirit of the Blue-book, but the foreign policy of the country ought as far as possible to appear unchangeable or consistent. The diplomatist who continues a correspondence is insensibly influenced by the suggestions and admissions of his predecessors. Some trace of the first design will remain during the further progress of the picture, unless the artist who completes the work is taunted into a practical assertion of his own independence and originality. Between the certainty that circumstances will change, and the probability that opinions may alter, there is reason to expect that at some stage in the controversy Lord JOHN RUSSELL will have occasion to fall back on the general propositions laid down by Lord MALMESBURY. Lord ELCHO's Resolution seems to imply that any coincidence of language would involve a retraction.

The proper mode of dealing with the motion, if it is followed up, will be the adoption of the previous question. The House of Commons is not called upon to affirm or to deny allegations respecting matters on which it may be better informed hereafter. If it were absolutely necessary to express an opinion, perhaps nothing could be said more to the purpose than that Lord MALMESBURY recorded in an official form the floating sentiments and conjectures which were generally current at the time among the intelligent portion of his countrymen. He was not hostile to the aspirations of Italy—he wished well to Austria—he desired, as long as it was possible, to maintain the French alliance—and he was successively dissatisfied with the bad faith or with the imprudence displayed by all the various parties to the quarrel. He was, perhaps, too bitter towards Sardinia; and—at least on the surface of his despatches—he appears to have been unduly credulous in accepting the pacific professions of the Emperor of the FRENCH. As a Foreign Minister, he was not called upon to publish his private opinions or preferences, and it may be fairly assumed that his confidential communications filled up many of the gaps which appear in the published correspondence. All this and more may hereafter be said to the credit of Lord DERBY's Government, if history takes notice of so transient an episode in the political history of England. Parliament is not called upon to anticipate the future annalist, nor to follow in the track of contemporary writers who have had the means of guarding, of limiting, and of justifying their statements. The public press, with all its faults, performs the critical functions which are found indispensable in the working of a free Constitution. Declarations of opinion by large assemblies must always be summed up in general aphorisms, which by their very conciseness are rendered virtually untrue. Journalists have, on the other hand, the means of showing that, while one-scale of the balance probably inclines, much may nevertheless be said on both sides of the question.

THE IMPERIAL CATECHISM.

IT was a principal object of the first NAPOLEON, in legislating on public education, to inspire childhood betimes with the lust of conquest. In this, as in other respects, the second NAPOLEON treads in the beneficent footsteps of his uncle. A few days ago the *Moniteur* contained the following order to the intellectual sergeants who drill the youth of France under the title of Rectors of Academies:—"Mr. Rector, France follows with profound emotion all the grand events which are taking place in Italy. Our fathers long fought to save that magnificent country from a foreign yoke, and now our armies, led by the Emperor, are struggling and triumphing in the same cause. Let our children, in their turn, receive this heritage of a generous policy, and associate themselves with all the impressions of their country! I feel it my duty to desire that all the bulletins of the army of Italy

"published in the *Moniteur* may be read before the pupils of the public schools and colleges, and posted up in the interior of those establishments. Youth is prone to noble sentiments, its heart is touched by great exploits, and devoted to the dynasties which know how to undertake them; it will rejoice at the new glories of the Imperial banner; it will also learn, in listening to the daily history of this heroic campaign of Italy, how labour and study are the parents of intelligence and courage, and how they develop the resources, the power, and the superiority of France." Europe may read here the plain announcement that the conquering dynasty of BONAPARTE has risen again in the spirit of its founder, with its original object, to be pursued by its original means. Nations which are too indolent or too parsimonious to put themselves in a position of defence may read what reward the future has in store for them. Italy may discern that the "cause" of the second Empire in invading her is the same as that of the first; and that she is being "liberated" in the same sense as when she was partitioned into BONAPARTE satrapies, and made a recruiting ground for the campaigns of Germany and Russia. The mild lesson of the bulletins may be enforced to the open heart of childhood by reference to other educational works. The histories most in vogue in France all inculcate the same religious duty of extending the "moral influence" of the great nation by treacherous diplomacy and piratical war. If VICTOR EMMANUEL would like to know the title given to the House of Savoy by the most popular of these works, it is "that vassal who has escaped from the unity of France."

The volcano which long smoked, heaved, and thundered, has at last fairly burst into eruption. The French army has broken out again upon Europe. This is the root of the matter, though it has not seemed so to statesmen habitually prone to regard everything that occurs as a mere diplomatic complication. Scarcely were the BOURBONS restored to their throne by the folly of Royal and Imperial knights-errant, when it became evident that the Army of the Empire—drunk with splendid brigandage, filled with the military vanity of its nation, and inflamed by the songs of BERANGER—was still, though under another name, the great danger of Europe. The invasion of Spain, under the Duc d'ANGOULEME, was an expedient to appease its lusts and induce it to accept the Fleur-de-lis as the symbol of aggression in place of the Eagle. LOUIS PHILIPPE inherited the difficulty from the elder line. He and his Ministers struggled with it patiently and manfully, as sincere friends of peace, in the interest of their country and of mankind; and when their good and evil deeds are balanced by history, this service will always weigh heavily in the favourable scale. Yet even they were compelled to flatter the monster and appease its maw by the conquest of Algiers, the fortification of Paris, and demonstrations which kept Europe in a perpetual state of inquietude, and brought upon the nations much of the evil and almost all the expense of war. The Provisional Government of the Republic was probably bent on peace, and, if possible, on retrenchment; but they again felt it necessary to sacrifice to MARS by the Roman expedition, and by blustering about Franco-Italo-Hispano Confederations and tearing up the treaties of 1815. The *coup d'état* brought Europe back to the day before Waterloo. It was proclaimed to credulous Europe that the second Empire was Peace. The words were wind. As well might it have been proclaimed that a sword was a ploughshare, or a rifle a pipe of Arcady. The second Empire, like the first, is a military dictatorship, which subsists by feeding the martial lusts of an enormous army. It fed those lusts first by the Russian war, then by the Italian. The Russian war was not undertaken to preserve to Turkey an integrity which, from the moment the war was over, French diplomacy has been ever ready to betray. It was not undertaken to cripple an aggressive Power with which, before the war was over, France was virtually allied, and in which she has found a fellow-conspirator ever since. The Italian war was not undertaken to propagate in Italy the freedom which is persecuted in France. It was not undertaken to prevent the Austrian despot from sending patriots to his Lambessa and his Cayenne. Both wars were undertaken "in the same cause" in which NAPOLEON I. seized upon Germany and Spain, and in which, before NAPOLEON I., LOUIS XIV. had overrun Holland and ravaged the Palatinate. From the moment when the military Empire rose again, the peace of Europe was gone. The motto thenceforth for all nations was—"War is a great evil, but submission to the insolent tyranny of France is a greater. Let us be united and prepared. The hour of peril will

"come, but if met manfully, it may be the dawn of a long
"and a secure peace."

Nothing can be more just or more salutary than the warning given the other night by a speaker in the House of Lords, that we ought not to wind the nation up to a panic pitch now, lest hereafter, wearied by tension, it should relax its efforts just at the critical moment. As we have said before, there is no need for a panic. The danger is not imminent. It is ever present. The armistice (perhaps a second edition of the armistice of Rivoli), which has just been concluded, brings it perhaps a step nearer to our shores. The death of the EMPEROR would not conjure it away. Another military chief would succeed, and new titles of glory would be sought in a Rhenish Magenta or a Kentish Solferino. Not the EMPEROR, but the army, is the lava stream which has now burst the mountain side, and threatens all the surrounding plains with its fiery inundation. Against the army every barrier must be prepared which military science can suggest, which the patriotism of the people can supply, which a close diplomatic union with other endangered nations can afford. Austria is now the victim. Her position in Italy was immoral, and its immorality made her weak; but she was attacked because she was weak, not because her position was immoral. Yet her EMPEROR had, in one respect, courted and deserved his doom. He had renounced the protection of that Power which defends the right by a high breach of his allegiance to the law of honour. In sympathy as shortsighted as it was evil with an enemy of truth and freedom, he had extended the hand of a base and fatal friendship to the triumphant perpetrator of the *coup-d'état*. His portrait, the pledge of that friendship, hangs among other memorials and trophies of a successful career in the room of his Imperial friend. Beside it hangs the Order of the Garter.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

IF the Americans resident in London like to keep up their national customs, it would be absurd to grudge them a harmless pleasure, even if it were possible to interfere with their choice of amusements. Throughout the United States the 4th of July combines the attributes which belong in England to three or four of the greatest customary festivals. When Christmas, and the Derby, and the 1st of September are passed over without notice, it may be possible that the Declaration of Independence will be commemorated in respectful silence. It is not to be expected that, while twenty millions of enlightened citizens are speaking or listening to speeches at home, their countrymen, whom pleasure or business detains on this side of the Atlantic, should excommunicate themselves from a participation in their most cherished observances. There is, perhaps, a slight additional zest in the celebration of their ancestral triumph under the very eyes of the baffled British nation. Few Americans can understand the entire indifference in England of all but historical students to the pretensions, the disasters, and the unparalleled stupidity of eighty years ago. Memory, in the case of great communities as well as of individuals, has a singular elasticity or capacity of adapting itself to objects which can be retained without constant discomfort. Defeat may be as considerable an object of contemplation as success, but it is infinitely less agreeable. It is equally natural that Americans should recollect the only great epoch of their history, and that Englishmen should put out of sight the meanest episode in their own.

The speeches of last Monday seem to have been well suited to the occasion; and if there had been anything unpleasant in the celebration itself, the reception of the toast in honour of the QUEEN would have sufficiently quieted the most jealous susceptibility. European critics might perhaps captiously object to the Chairman's assertion that the name of WASHINGTON was more glorious than any other in profane or sacred history. MILTIADES and THEMISTOCLES, ALEXANDER and CÆSAR, with all the other worthies of ancient and modern Europe, would have formed a sufficiently imposing train of captives to follow the American hero's triumphal car. The Patriarchs, the Prophets, and the Apostles seem to have been included in the comparison, under the impression that the great founder of American liberty was a saint as well as a patriot. Some exception might also have been taken to Mr. DALLAS's historical parallel between the assistance afforded by LOUIS XVI. to the American insurgents and the intervention of NAPOLEON III. for the expulsion of Austria from Italy. There is indeed a strong similarity in the motives which, in either instance, allied a despotic Government with a popular struggle for inde-

pendence; but the analogy could scarcely be followed out in conformity with the reserve which is practised by diplomatists of the older hemisphere. VERGENNES openly declared that it was his object to humiliate the English, and to recover the equality by sea and land which had been lost during the Seven Years' War. WASHINGTON himself suspected his French allies of designs upon Canada, and he well knew that the liberal sympathies of LAFAYETTE were altogether repudiated by the Court of Versailles. The French diversion contributed largely to the success of the insurrection; but before ten years were over, the deficit which it had caused, and the passions which it had roused, precipitated the Revolution at home.

The eulogy on French Kings and Emperors for their interference in quarrels with which they had no concern, naturally led to a sentiment in favour of universal neutrality and non-intervention; and Mr. BRIGHT, as the representative of England at the banquet, eagerly seized the opportunity of at once proclaiming his peculiar doctrines and holding up his own country to the contempt and indignation of a foreign audience. Self-glorification is not peculiar to American assemblies, and it may be urged in defence of patriotic vapouring that every country must, as a general rule, provide for itself all the applause which its taste may demand. It is seldom that a foreign orator can be found to echo national boasting, or to contrast the shortcomings of the country to which he belongs with the merits and perfections of the community which he addresses. Almost all persons are occasionally tempted into intolerance, as they need a vent, from time to time, for feelings of bitterness and irritation; but there are some amiable dispositions for which injustice to strangers has no sufficient attraction. The philanthropy which invariably reserves censure for friends and relatives—the comprehensive charity which begins and ends far from home—is thoroughly understood in private life. Mr. BRIGHT never utters a word of praise without a purpose of inflicting pain, and it is natural that he should select, as the ground of his compliments to America, the peculiarities in which he asserts that it most widely differs from England. The democratic audience is not to be blamed for accepting the flattery of an English orator who commences his speech with a spiteful sneer at a mixed Constitution.

It is strange that, when the whole country is unanimous in its approval of neutrality, Mr. BRIGHT should always assume that he possesses a monopoly of the doctrine of non-interference. He is willing to admit the United States into partnership; but he represents the disposition to meddle with the concerns of other nations as a characteristic English propensity. It is difficult to imagine the terms in which he would describe the conduct of an English Government which openly avowed the intention of dismembering the territory of an unoffending neighbour. Mr. BUCHANAN and the Ostend Manifesto were exempt from his attacks, although he was well aware that the last Presidential election was carried in consequence of the declaration of the successful candidate in favour of the unlimited extension of the Union. It is utterly untrue that the American nation or Government has ever professed the doctrine of absolute neutrality. In the quarrels of Europe it would be impossible for them to do more than to applaud, with Mr. DALLAS, the intervention of France in the affairs of Italy. On their own Continent the citizens of the States claim a general right of arbitration; and while they have seized or conquered a large portion of the neighbouring Republic of Mexico, they openly profess their intention of appropriating Cuba.

If it is true that the United States have no army, and an insignificant navy, the comparison of a country unassailable from without with an island in the immediate proximity of France is obviously absurd. The remark that the Federal revenue is but one-fifth of the amount included in the English Budget is not less invidious and unjust. Fourteen millions raised by protective duties for the purposes of the Supreme Government, indicate a more extravagant expenditure than the thirty or thirty-five millions which provide for all the public wants of a larger population in the United Kingdom. It is utterly absurd to omit from the comparison the outlay of six-and-thirty independent States, or to add to the English side of the balance-sheet the interest of the National Debt. The Americans, as is natural to a thriving and energetic race, are on the whole warlike in disposition, and disposed to be careless, if not extravagant, in expenditure. If praise of all kinds were not acceptable, their vanity would scarcely be flattered by a contrast which assumes that the great Republic is but an enormous con-

federacy of parsimonious Quakers. It may be said to their honour, that throughout the length and breadth of the Union no leading politician or orator could be found to court the cheers of foreigners by holding up any other country to admiration as superior to his own.

EX-DIPLOMATISTS.

MR. MONCKTON MILNES has this week brought to the notice of the House of Commons a subject of considerable importance. At present the holders of diplomatic pensions are unable to sit in the Lower House, and it is only when they are Peers that the Legislature can have the benefit of the varied knowledge which they can scarcely fail to have acquired in the term of their long service. The reason for their exclusion from the Commons is purely technical; and there is no possible danger or harm that could attend the abrogation of a rule that in these days at least is utterly unmeaning. It is true that the majority of ex-diplomatists are not exactly the persons to like the toil and annoyance of a popular election, and there would be few to avail themselves of the opportunity of sitting in the House of Commons, were it placed within their power. But even one or two independent members with a special knowledge of foreign politics would be a useful element in an assembly which cares so much and knows so little about the affairs, prospects, and wishes of neighbouring nations. And if a few ex-diplomatists were to gain reputation and exercise influence in the House of Commons, the benefit they would confer on the diplomatic service generally would be quite sufficient to make it desirable they should find their way there. The two great evils of the diplomatic service are that its members get too much separated from England, too careless of the principles of liberty, too prone to consider Government an affair of drawing-rooms; and that those who have not interest enough to hope for one of the more important missions have nothing to look forward to capable of spurring the energies of a man of ability. The prospect of a seat in the House of Commons, and the consciousness of possessing a fund of special information which would be likely to be valued there, would cheer a young and ambitious *attaché* in the dreary hours of attendance on a German Court; and from the habit of directing his thoughts to this ultimate end of his career, he would gain a constant tendency to test his opinions and shape his political course by the standard of what would be tolerated in a free assembly. It would be absurd to overrate the effect of this. Few diplomatists will wish for a seat in the Commons—fewer would obtain it—fewer still would consciously bring the thought of public life in England to bear on their conduct while living abroad. But there is every reason to suppose that there would be, now and then, some one or more who would do this in a constant and conspicuous manner. And the diplomatic service is one in which the tone taken by its successful members operates insensibly, but powerfully. Whenever a man of standing in the profession chanced to make an impression on the House by giving timely advice or useful information, some attention to the fact could not fail to be awakened in the younger members of the service; and anything that tended to give them—however indirectly—a personal interest in English opinion and English politics would be of the greatest benefit to them.

But the main use of diplomatists in a legislative assembly, if they are to be of any use at all, must be to tell their hearers what they have had special means of knowing. An excellent instance of what may be done in this way by a man of no extraordinary ability, but of good sound sense, with a habit of judging for himself, and long practical experience, has been recently furnished by Lord HOWDEN. As Minister in Spain, Lord HOWDEN has had abundant opportunities of watching the policy of France with regard to her dependent neighbours. It is exactly in a Court like that of Madrid, where the absence of any real independence gives a strong and overbearing Power ample scope for interfering, and where in the traditions of the country and in the feelings of the mass of the people there is an element of resistance to dictation, that it is most important to trace the action and gather the inclinations of France. When Lord HOWDEN has not been in Spain he has generally been at Paris. He has therefore had the means of forming an opinion both of the direction in which the Imperial policy is setting, and also of the general wishes, feelings, and character of the French. There is a great difference in the amount of instruction derived from residence in a foreign capital, accord-

ing as the observer has or has not had practical occupation and personal responsibility, and we must not measure the value of Lord HOWDEN's information by the experience which an ordinary resident could have acquired in the same length of settlement abroad. An English Minister in Spain has to study France and the French as the chief element in all the calculations he has to form. We therefore attach considerable weight to the declarations of opinion which Lord HOWDEN made in so strong and earnest a manner; and we think them all the more impressive because they were not directed against individuals, but contained the results of a purely general observation. Lord HOWDEN warned his countrymen that an attempt to invade England was a far more probable event than it is ordinarily considered; and he grounded his judgment on the fact that Imperialism, to support itself, must always keep advancing, and that the French people would feel such an intense delight in trying to assail the virgin soil of this country, that they would put all considerations of the probability of ultimate failure entirely aside. If these are truths, no one can say they are not important truths. It is much more alarming when danger threatens us from a system rather than from a man. It is a grave matter if the imagination of an imaginative people, and the personal and private wishes of individuals in a spirited and aggressive nation, are conspiring to make the French long for the time when they can try whether steam has really thrown a bridge over the river that separates them from England. But if these things are true, they are, of course, not capable of strict proof. We can only form an opinion on such a subject by collecting together the experience of competent observers. The value of the opinions pronounced by an ex-diplomatist like Lord HOWDEN consists in the opportunities he has enjoyed of seeing what are the real facts. His opportunities have been so great that we cannot think lightly of an expression of opinion made in terms so unhesitating and prompted so evidently by the conviction that what he had observed abroad ought to be known by those who stay at home.

The great objection that will be felt, especially in diplomatic circles, to ex-diplomatists expressing their opinions freely, will be that their speeches will often be indiscreet, and that foreign Powers will be offended and mortified at the adverse criticisms of men who have gained their information by being hospitably received in the country they afterwards attack. It may be urged in reply that, if a diplomatic life has not taught a diplomatist discretion, it must have taught him very little. To be discreet is the first virtue of the wise diplomatist, and to play at discretion is the standing amusement of the foolish diplomatist. But discretion does not mean the maintenance of an unbroken silence; and if a diplomatist once addresses a legislative assembly, he must think of the object he has to attain, and if that object is one of real importance, he must risk something to attain it. Every address to the public, whether spoken or written, must necessarily be one-sided if it is to be effective. The human mind is not so constituted as to endure with patience the teaching of a man who dwells at length on that which, as he shows, ought for the moment to be disregarded. The speaker or writer must seize hold of the point which at the moment happens to be the essential one, and he must, if he wishes to guide others rightly, confine himself to what is rather less than the whole truth. In speaking, for instance, of the Italian war, Englishmen have lately found themselves obliged to throw into the background the misdeeds of Austria, the rottenness of her system, the leaden, dull, plodding tyranny of her government. The essential point has been that she has for the moment been fighting the battle of Europe against the great aggressive Power. This was the point that required to be made clear—this was the one great feature of the case that had to be brought into strong light. But it is not to be supposed that those who insisted that the Italian war was not exclusively or chiefly an Italian question ever forgot that the Italian cause was in itself perfectly just, and that the military despotism and slavish bigotry of Austria were in themselves perfectly detestable. In like manner, Lord HOWDEN had to regard the main point of stimulating England to look to her defences, and he contributed to this end very effectually; and, in order to do so, he was obliged to leave out of sight the reasons that diminish the probability of an invasion, and to disregard the obvious consideration that speeches depicting the French as likely to invade us tend to fulfil their own prophecy. The question whether the speaker was discreet must entirely depend on our estimate

of the importance of the object he had in view. And it must be remembered that the opinions of ex-diplomatists must very often run counter to the current of ordinary English opinion, and the chief service they could render would be to explain how far foreign States and Princes are misjudged and unfairly depreciated or suspected in England. Lord NORMANBY, when speaking a few evenings ago, in the House of Lords, had a good word to say for the Grand Duke of TUSCANY—a person who in these days has very few good words said for him. Lord NORMANBY was able of his own personal knowledge to contradict the report that the master of Florence was desirous, before he went, to bombard that city of palaces and galleries. The affair is a small one. No one very much cares what the GRAND DUKE did or did not do. But it is as well that justice should be done to every one; and the time may soon come when the opinion formed in England of the comparative merits or demerits of the petty Sovereigns of Italy may have very practical results.

INDEPENDENT LIBERALS.

MR. COBDEN has declined office, and Mr. BRIGHT has already begun to taunt the Ministry with its divisions. From these symptoms we infer that an Independent Liberal party has been formed which wishes it to be understood that it holds aloof from place because it can best "serve the people" by remaining outside. The phrase probably represents the most respectable of the motives which have induced Mr. COBDEN to refuse a seat in the Government, and which would, we suppose, have constrained Mr. BRIGHT to take a similar course. The people of England, however—if by the "people" is meant the same thing which old-fashioned persons call the "country"—has never yet consented to be served by persons who were afraid of responsibility. English mobs have had a transient faith in a WILKES, a GEORGE GORDON, a BURDETT, a HENRY HUNT, or a COBBETT; but when the country has had a favourite, it has always manifested its affection by trying to lift him into office, or to maintain him in it. The character which Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT seem desirous of assuming is, for our happiness, unknown as yet in England. They appear ambitious of reproducing a personage who has bequeathed to the practice of politics one of its most odious terms. The original Demagogue was an oratorical politician who never took office if he could help it, but occupied himself in criticising and abusing the men who did the work of the State. It has been justly thought that the possibility of playing such a part had a good deal to do with the instability of the free governments of antiquity, and, if Mr. COBDEN or Mr. BRIGHT can revive it, we shall not take a particularly cheerful view of the prospects of English institutions.

If it is to be judged by its newspapers, the bulk of the Independent Liberal party takes the same ground with Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT. Independent Liberals are to "serve the people" unshackled by place. Yet it is not perhaps a too injurious insinuation if we hint that they are not exactly shrinking from the responsibilities of office. In one of the two good speeches delivered in the debate on the Address, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT vindicated the Whigs from the charge of exclusiveness on the score of the composition of the Liberal party. It consists, he asserted, mainly of great merchants and manufacturers who would laugh in the face of a Minister who should offer them place. We vehemently doubt the fact. The cause of the present discontents—the reason why quarrels about place have assumed an importance among the Liberals which they have never reached among the Conservatives—is that the Liberal party includes an unusual number of persons who consider themselves equal to the weight of any office in the British dominions. The country gentlemen have most of them positions at home, quite dignified enough for their ambition, into which they have been born or which they owe to their birth. A Radical member, on the other hand, has generally lifted himself into notice by what he considers to be his abilities. He has begun by stirring in the vestry—he has gone on to be an active member of the town-council—he ends by getting into Parliament as "our respected fellow-townsmen." Such a man does not see why his career should stop short there. He is strongly of opinion that he can speak better than PALMERSTON, at any rate. He is quite sure that he knows more of business than the people who, on the formation of each successive Government, are put into office simply because they have been there before. Who can doubt that the three

gentlemen who have just contested Marylebone were ready for any responsibility which Her Most Gracious MAJESTY might be pleased to throw on them? Lord FERMOY would have taken Foreign Affairs; Colonel DICKSON was willing to preside over the War Office; Major LYON, the most modest of the three, was prepared to become Commissioner of Works, or anything else which would give him the power of putting down Sunday bands in the Parks. The large constituencies, in fact, consider their representation so immense an honour, and require their member to possess or affect knowledge on so enormous a variety of subjects, that it is scarcely to be wondered at if the gentlemen preferred by them begin at once to believe themselves the first men in the country.

Whether the Independent Liberals, or, as the new member for Marylebone calls them, the "rattling Radicals," ever become a great power in the country, depends almost entirely on the policy of Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI. If the old tactics are to be followed, and the Ministry is to be combated by alliances with the malcontents below the gangway, the game is in the hands of the ultra-Liberal minority. They have wit enough, we suppose, to coquet with Mr. DISRAELI without absolutely declaring war against the Government. The moderate section of the Cabinet will, in that case, be either driven out of office, or forced to go all lengths of concession for the sake of conciliating them. At the worst, a Tory interregnum will be followed by a combination much more flattering than the present to their ambition and vanity. Nobody except Mr. DISRAELI can prevent this; and we have now to see whether, placed as he is at the head of a powerful regular army, he will still continue to manœuvre like a captain of Free Companions. There is no longer any moral justification in the state of affairs for his coalescing with the men who are furthest removed from him in their view of general principles. So long as the Whig Cabinet bound itself in voluntary thralldom to the Emperor of the FRENCH, while the Independent Liberals retained some sense of the dignity of England, we, at all events, never regretted that the leader of the Opposition had the means of punishing statesmen who had forgotten themselves so flagrantly. But the relations of the two divisions of Liberals are now quite different from what they were. If the Cabinet has faith in LOUIS NAPOLEON, the Radicals are ready to canonize him. If the Cabinet is for neutrality, the Radicals are for the strictest neutrality. If the Cabinet is cool on the subject of national defences, the Radicals, before long, will be clamouring for disarmament. Liberals and ultra-Liberals are now separated only by the degree in which they approximate to the opinions of Mr. BRIGHT on foreign affairs and domestic reform. If Mr. DISRAELI lends himself to artifices which have the effect of strengthening the Radical faction, to that extent Conservatism suffers without a shadow of compensation. Nor is there any reason to believe that, if he abstains from systematically supporting the extreme against the moderate Liberals, he will therefore have to abnegate his position as leader of the Opposition. The Cabinet, unfortunately, may be only too justly suspected of a policy on some points which, if Conservatism be more than a name and a pretence, a Conservative politician must do his very best to thwart. The question of European equilibrium, the question of national defences, the question of Reform, will all of them probably place Mr. DISRAELI in legitimate opposition to the Ministry. These great issues will give him the opportunity of changing a minority into a majority without a single dereliction of fair play, and enable him to take office another time without the necessity for swallowing a single opinion.

THE LATE CONTEST AT OXFORD.

WE have had brought under our notice some facts illustrative of the nature of the late contest at Oxford, and of the means employed in carrying it on, which induce us to return to the subject for the purpose of pointing what we think an important moral. The contest arose out of a vigorous attempt made by the Carlton Club to reclaim its half-emancipated slave, the University of Oxford. It has been the bane and the disgrace of the University, ever since the time when CHARLES I. held his fugitive Court in her halls, to be the bond-servant of a political party. From Royalism she passed, with a short interval of fierce Puritan ascendancy, to Jacobitism; and she remained, till near the close of the last century, the grotesque and antiquated vestal of that political religion. Long after Jacobite toasts had ceased

to be heard at the table of the most pig-headed Yorkshire or Somersetshire squire, they still resounded in those Common rooms "whose deep but dull potations excused the brisk "intemperance of youth." Jacobitism having at last paid the debt of nature, Oxford descended with its other properties to the new Toryism of PITT; and stories still survive of Fellows vowing a libation of four bottles at a sitting on the fall of the Revolutionary EMPEROR, and paying the vow at the peril of their lives. Because PEEL was, in those days, more Tory and more intolerant than CANNING, Oxford disinherited her first-born, CANNING, and chose as her representative her younger son, PEEL. PEEL next grew wise and tolerant, and, by a not inappropriate retribution, was immediately cashiered. If any one were malicious enough to search the records of Parliament for the purpose, he would probably find that the Oxford Convocation had petitioned against almost every measure of social justice and political improvement for the last two hundred years. In return for all this, the Tories undertook to preserve, and did actually preserve, Oxford from Reform. Meantime the University was about as much in sympathy with its age and nation, and had about as much hold on the heart and mind of England, as a toad in a stone. But now the academic spirit has undergone a very considerable change. Stirring controversies have left active and inquiring minds; and active and inquiring minds have not failed to perceive the fact that the true strength of the University lies, not in an exclusive political connexion, but in the attachment and respect of the whole people. The people, ever forgiving, desired nothing more than to be reconciled, and to put the guidance of education again into the old traditional hands. The Alma Mater has felt new sensations. The pulse of returning youth has run through the torpid current of her blood. She has even tasted popularity, and found it rather sweet. The dreaded Reform has come, and passed; and, now it is over, she feels none the worse for it, and does not in the least desire to have it undone. To crown all, she—the constituency of Sir ROBERT INGLIS—had got a member who tried to serve the country and exercise some influence on his age by joining a practicable Government; and though she was very much shocked at the proceeding, in her heart she rather liked it. This might be astounding to the Tory understanding, but it was true.

Astounding to the Tory understanding, however, it was. If the member for Oxford joins a Liberal Government, thought the Carlton, the day of doom is come. So he rushed to extinguish the sedition with the promptness of that great and good man Lord SIDMOUTH, who always held that, if persons were not perfectly satisfied with a Tory Administration, firing blank cartridge was mere inhumanity, and the only truly merciful thing was to fire ball at once. And the Carlton fired ball on the University. We will venture to say that no attempt was ever made before to force such a candidate as Lord CHANDOS (virtuous and businesslike though he may be) upon a literary constituency; and we will also venture to say that no attempt ever was made before to carry a University by means so violent and gross. We have seen evidence of the application of positive coercion to members of a constituency which, if it has not been Liberal in its selection of representatives, has at least shamed most Liberal constituencies by its fastidious abhorrence of everything approaching to improper influence. The utmost advantage was also taken, by a party well supplied with money, of that most improper enactment which permits the travelling expenses of voters to be paid by candidates—a practice which has something like the effect of bribery in a constituency the great majority of whose members are non-resident, while a large proportion of them are poor. Mr. GLADSTONE's friends were of course obliged to follow suit, and thus Oxford is becoming as costly a seat as Ipswich. Sir ROBERT INGLIS could boast that he was not only returned without expense, but that the messenger who brought him the news of his return was not allowed to taste refreshment in his house. But it seems the happy destiny of Derbyism, having started with the profession of rendering Conservatism more chivalrous, to taint and demoralize everything Conservative, and make one vast Slough speech of the whole. A glance at the two Committees will show how completely the opposition was an attempt to reduce the University into servitude by a force external to herself. In Lord CHANDOS's London Committee there was scarcely a single name of the slightest academical distinction, or even in the slightest degree connected with the University. In his Oxford Committee

there was almost the same dearth. The best names were those of two eminent logicians (one a decided Liberal), whose peculiar susceptibilities are probably wounded by Mr. GLADSTONE's inconsequence; while his rival, having said nothing and done nothing, having no political premises and no political conclusion, presented no logical flaw. In Mr. GLADSTONE's Committee were combined the leading academical names of all parties—strangely enough thrown together, and many of them probably but half satisfied with the late proceedings of their candidate—but all determined that the representative whom they had half doubtfully chosen, and half in doubt retained, should at all events not be cashiered at the pleasure of the Carlton Club. The same inference results from a comparison of the Colleges which took the most active part on the one side or the other. The two Colleges which took the most active part against Mr. GLADSTONE, and, in fact, got up the opposition, might, as far as the proper interests of the University are concerned, be much better placed, the one in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House, the other in Pall Mall.

The Carlton had much better let the University of Oxford alone. It has made a great mess of this attempt to coerce her, and it will make as great a mess if it ever attempts the same thing again. Oxford will always be Conservative in the honest and rational sense of the term. There is no fear about that. With her connexions, with her associations, with her traditions, and with her estates, she is not likely to become a focus of revolution. Her influence, as a place of high education, will always be exercised on the side of order and moderate councils in the State. But in order that she may exercise a real influence, it is necessary that she should be independent. This she now distinctly perceives, and, perceiving it, she will never again submit to be reduced to dependence even on that political party whose sentiments may happen to be most congenial to her own. So much the result of the present contest may be held conclusively to establish. Nor is it from the University alone that this affair has drawn manifestations of a desire to cut the cord and let Derbyism sink by itself. The Church of England is intimately bound up with the University, and has been hitherto the slave of the same political faction, which has used her for its purposes, and cut her off in the same manner from the sympathies and allegiance of the people. Two pamphlets, *A Few Words to the Country Clergy on the Oxford University Election*, and, *Shall We Reject Mr. Gladstone?* afford evidence that the clergy as well as the leading men in the University are beginning to see the true state of the case, and we recommend these pamphlets (they are very short) to the study of Derbyites calling themselves the Conservative party. "Should we not address ourselves," concludes one of them, "as men to the actual future which lies before us in Church and State? Supposing the existing relations of our religious and our social system to be undergoing an organic change, would it not be an act of unfaithfulness, or of the most egregious incapacity, if we were to stand aloof, or to cling to each perishing fragment of the mixed system which we inherited (and which we loved so strongly), instead of going forward to meet events, and refusing to break terms with the progress of the nineteenth century? I believe that the Church of England is the strongest party in this country, and need not cringe to the politics of any set of men; and more, if it will not cringe, it may yet secure a position which it might seem visionary to delineate. I, at least, have no friend but truth, no client but the Church of England; and I have no manner of doubt that it would be the highest indiscretion, a total want of discernment of our times, to trust any longer to any of the political parties as such. *Our best men must work for the best ends wherever and whenever they can.*" Let those who got up the late contest in the supposed interest of Derbyism meditate on these words.

RELIGION AND WAR.

WHEN the minds of men are strongly excited by passing events, they naturally bring into a common focus all the more vivid feelings to which they are ordinarily alive. They no longer separate religion from politics, or earth from heaven. The occasion seems to them great enough for all the forces with which they are acquainted to display themselves in a special and conspicuous manner. As they feel sure that they are right in their own judgment and their own wishes, they take for granted that the powers of Heaven are on their side too; and as the excitement under which they labour prompts them to say what they think, and to abstain from clouding their thoughts under the

haze of conventional decorum, they put what may be termed the religious view of their case with amazing calmness and unflinching freedom. They seem to know all about Providence and its ways; for they cannot have so low an opinion of it as to think that it will not maintain a cause which they know to be just. When the contest is at an end, they may be willing to accept the position of Cato, and own that, if they are defeated, the conquering cause pleased the gods, and the conquered themselves. But while the issue is uncertain they comfort themselves with the thought that Heaven must agree with them. In a great degree this is the exact effect which agitating events ought to produce. They ought to wake man up to feel how near earth and heaven are. But the feeling takes often such an odd confused shape, language so irreverent is used, and the thoughts attributed to Providence are so transparently the passing opinions of the man who utters them, that even if we sympathize with the feeling in itself, we cannot but be half shocked, half amazed, at the form it assumes. We cannot help seeing that some light is thrown on the religious condition and belief of the nineteenth century, when we come across the extraordinary phrases that seem to rise naturally to the lips, or flow naturally from the pen, of different observers of events so interesting as the Italian war.

We have not any means of saying what is the language held on the subject of this great struggle in the pious circles of Austria. But the press of France and England makes us well acquainted with the different shapes, and among others with the religious shape, assumed by the feelings with which the two nations respectively watch the war. In England we are all for neutrality. Our press dwells, and dwells very properly, on the horrors of war, on the waste of life it involves, on the sacrifices it imposes, on the recklessness it tends to foster. In France there prevails the feeling of triumph, and the religious circles which utter their thoughts at all are ordered to clothe with the poetry of their pious enthusiasm the amiable notion that France is taking the part of a disinterested liberator. In English papers we find the wish for neutrality and a religious horror of war very naturally allied, and in France we have the Government view of the war translated into pious phraseology. If this is exactly what might have been expected, and if the mere fact is therefore insignificant, yet the language used is well worth noticing. It is not marked with the slightest tinge of conscious irreverence; the wonder is that there should be people who have no notion that they are irreverent when they use it.

As examples of the curiosities of religious neutrality, we will take one or two that have lately appeared in the columns of the *Evening Star*—a journal of which we have no wish to speak slightly, as it is always readable, and, in a certain way, original; and if it has a fault, it is that it gives too much news, and is obliged to contradict one day what it announced the day before. But the better the journal the more curious are the curiosities of which we are speaking. They are of the following kind. The correspondent from the camp of the Allies was speaking, not long ago, of the effect produced by the battle of Magenta on the French army; and he represented the soldiers to be so elated, so confident in themselves, and so infected with the thirst for a succession of wars, that, as he expressed it, "it will require the God of Battles himself to give the French a devilish good licking." Now, what is most evident from such a phrase is, that the writer used it sincerely and honestly as the genuine expression of his inmost thoughts. He meant to express at once a sense that equity and justice demanded that French pride and French love of war should be checked, and also, that the French were very good soldiers, and it was difficult to see how they were to be exposed to the calamity they deserved. Feeling this strongly, he mixed up his religion with it, and the fruit was the comical phrase we have quoted. He appears to have regarded the God of Battles as a cricketer might regard a very swift round-hand bowler, who can be put on if the slow bowling will not pay. And in doing so he was probably greatly influenced by a mere trick of language. He would, we may be almost sure, have shrunk from using the word "God" by itself in such a sentence; but the God of Battles was a vague sort of personage, strong enough for the purpose, and yet safe to appeal to. A similar freedom and *naïveté* was observable in the language adopted in a leading article on the dreadful carnage of the battle of Solferino. The writer wished to point out how wicked men were to kill each other on so horribly large a scale; and, in order to show this effectually, hell was contrasted with earth, to the disadvantage of the latter. The point taken was, that the worms which inflict the torture of hell are senseless, blind, un instructed, unreasoning animals; while, on earth, the agents of torture are civilized Christians. The writer then went on to point out the actual horrors of the field while the battle lasted, and he especially dwelt on the terrors caused by the violent thunderstorm, which had been, as he guessed, attracted by the roars of the artillery. The exact feature, however, of additional torture which this thunderstorm seemed to him to have originated, is not one that will occur to an ordinary reader. He chiefly mourned over the thunderstorm because "the souls of those slain on the field of battle would have to wing their way through the rain and lightning on their way to their Maker." Here, again, the writer was evidently writing his true thoughts from the fulness of his heart. He seriously thought that it was very hard on the poor, disembodied souls to get an unnecessary drenching at the very outset of their spiritual career. Surely

all this illustrates the popular theology better than a hundred repetitions of stereotyped phraseology.

An illustration of a different sort is furnished by the Bishop of Troyes. That prelate has issued a circular to the clergy of his diocese ordering a *Te Deum* to be sung for the victory of Solferino, and this circular supplies a good specimen of religious language on the war from the French side. The prelate, after announcing that a battle has been gained, goes on to say, "The hour in which we live is solemn. God is writing a magnificent page of history with the concurrence of France." Perhaps French bombast and the tawdry grandiloquence of the nation since the Revolution spoil its style, never arrived at anything more wonderful. "God, with the concurrence of France, is writing a magnificent page of history!" Let us hope that, with the concurrence of his publisher, M. Thiers is doing as much. The clergy are then informed that Providence is most strikingly on the side of the strongest battalions. "He who has created the world combats with our soldiers; He inspires their august chief and sends him those superior illuminations which are the safety of armies." If by "superior illuminations" is meant the *corps d'armée* of MacMahon, the expression is justified by history, though strained in form. The Bishop then goes to work after the manner of his countrymen, and has a turn at the two great operations in which Frenchmen delight—the falsification of history and the advancement of untenable claims to a sentimental kind of national glory. The circular shows, at considerable length, why it is that God wishes that the Austrians should be immediately swept off the face of Italy. The reason is, that they have persisted in staying there in spite of the strong protests and entreaties of the Pope. *Credat clericus Franco-Gallus*. The clergy are invited to believe that the naughty Austrians would stay when the Pope asked them to go, and the good French only came when the Pope asked them to do so. This must make all pious people feel that France is not only triumphant, but in the right. "Let our generous nation rejoice to serve in so fine a design as the instrument of Providence. This divine mission suits well the greatness of France." The paragraph goes on to say that the mission will soon be fulfilled, and ends with the following astonishing proposition:—"The French nation is the only one in the universe which defends just causes solely because they are just, without any miserable ambition, as a sovereign magistrate who does not suffer his decisions to be paid for, but who finds himself sufficiently recompensed by the greatness of the service rendered and the honour of the duty accomplished." This sentence seems to hold a place in the circular something like that occupied at a Scotch dinner by what was called a "sentiment." This was a solemn expression of an utterly irrelevant piece of nonsense which no one noticed or cared for, but which, if brought in at the right moment, was supposed to contribute to the harmony of the meeting. The clergy of the diocese of Troyes may perhaps derive a corresponding pleasure from the grotesque statement that the French are in the habit of defending just causes without hope of reward. The Bishop ends with a pious hope that all the noble children of France who die in the war may be received in "that heaven where generous virtues are crowned." When we say that "they do these things better in France," let us always carefully distinguish what "these things" include. Clearly, religious circulars are not among them. From the stilted invocations of the Bishop of Troyes we may turn with thankfulness to those mild reminiscences of different collects which are stewed together by our own Archbishop's composer when occasion requires.

THE BENGAL EUROPEANS.

AMONG the embarrassments bequeathed by the late Government to their successors, there is none of a more serious character than the question which is still pending between the Indian Government and the Bengal Europeans. Nothing can well be imagined more grave in itself, and more perilous in its consequences, than the fact that European troops in India have assumed a mutinous attitude, and have committed themselves to acts of insubordination. Whatever the result may be, it is a most dangerous precedent. As yet the public in this country has perhaps hardly appreciated sufficiently the gravity of the crisis; and it has been supposed—we fear prematurely—that the conciliatory and sagacious measures of Lord Clyde have permanently set the matter at rest. Too much praise cannot be given to his Lordship for the excellent sense and temper which he has displayed, and for the watchful attention with which he has followed the whole course of the dispute. An ill-considered order, given by an injudicious or irritable officer, would have been the signal for a fierce contest between the Queen's troops and the Bengal Europeans, but fortunately the Commander-in-Chief was well aware of the perilous character of the crisis. Clear instructions were issued to the divisional commanders at the various stations, and every possible precaution was taken to stave off the necessity of severe measures of repression. So far Lord Clyde has been eminently successful. The men, as we learn, have been pacified, and have returned to their duty, whilst the matter at issue is referred home for further consideration. But, in the mean time, though authority has for the moment been restored, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that there is in India a very numerous European force, the private soldiers of which believe that they have been un-

fairly dealt with by Government, and who have already given indications of their unwillingness to submit to what they conceive to be actual injustice. If their demands are refused, it can scarcely be doubted that the spirit of insubordination will break out afresh, and lead to the most disastrous consequences. If, on the other hand, the justice of their claims is admitted, it will be felt, not only by them but by every English soldier, that redress is to be obtained by mutiny and intimidation, and there will have been inflicted on the discipline of English troops a blow from which it will not easily recover. To this dilemma have matters been brought by what, we fear, must be denominated a most lamentable want of address and foresight in dealing with a very simple question.

The case as it stands between the soldiers and the Government lies in a very narrow compass. In the India Bill of last year it was enacted that all the servants of the East India Company serving in India should be deemed to belong to the Crown. To the Civil Servants and the military officers of the Company the change could scarcely have been distasteful, as it must have been felt that their position would be practically unaltered, and that personal interests would be respected. Some may possibly have been pleased with an arrangement that made them directly servants of the Crown, thereby placing them on a footing of equality with other branches of the public service. The soldiers, however, of the Bengal Europeans from the very first showed symptoms of dissatisfaction at the transfer of their services to the Crown. They declared that they had been enlisted to serve the Company, and the Company only, and that therefore, on the dissolution of that corporation, they were lawfully entitled to be discharged. Now, it cannot be denied that the absolutely separate condition of the East Indian European army, as distinguished from that of the Crown, is distinctly defined by the form of the attestation, which is in reality nothing more or less than the contract between the soldier and his employer. It has always been the practice to adhere most rigidly to the spirit and the letter of this contract between the soldiers and the Government; and so strong is the feeling of the sacredness of this covenant that no military authority would venture to suggest the most trifling departure from it. It has always been deemed a matter no less of justice than of public policy to give the soldier an opportunity of entering into a new contract or withdrawing altogether, if it ceased to be desirable to retain his services under the terms of his original agreement. It is well known that, when a man has once been enlisted in a particular corps, it is impossible to transfer him to another, except with his own consent. Within the terms of his contract the soldier is willing to perform any duty, however distasteful, and to submit to any discipline, however severe; but when there is the slightest attempt to depart in any way from the conditions of his covenant, he conceives that his rights have been infringed, and that he is no longer bound by an engagement which has been rescinded by the party contracting with him. It is not necessary to inquire whether the position of the European soldier who had enlisted to serve the Company would be altered in any material point by his being transferred to the service of the Crown. The question is, whether the change could be effected by an Act of Parliament without invading his recognised rights? The men, as it would seem, felt and believed that they could not be so transferred without their consent previously obtained, and they considered the attempt to do so a violation of the contract existing between them and their employers.

The discontent of the soldiers in the service of the late Company became manifest on the promulgation of the new Act of Parliament for the Government of India. It is believed that the military authorities foresaw from the first the danger which was likely to ensue, and warned the Indian Government of the consequences that might be looked for from carrying the Act into operation. The Indian Government consulted its law officers, who decided against the men. Those learned officials gave it as their opinion that, as the Company had been merely a trustee for the Crown, the servants of the Company might be transferred to the service of the sovereign trust without the necessity of a fresh contract. This view could scarcely satisfy soldiers who had been accustomed to see men volunteer from Queen's regiments to the permanent corps, and enter into a new engagement on the receipt of a bounty. The matter was subsequently referred home, and the view of the Indian Government and its legal advisers received the final sanction of the Home Government. As soon as that decision became known in India, there were simultaneous indications at several military stations of insubordination, verging upon open mutiny. The question assumed a most alarming character. Although the disaffection was not universal, it could not be doubted that throughout the European troops of the late Company there existed an active sympathy with the cause of the malcontents. The existence of a widely-spread combination was proved by the fact of demonstrations of a mutinous character being made at the same moment in distant stations. It was but too evident that the whole force was tainted with the spirit of disaffection, and that neither the oldest regiments nor the old soldiers had escaped the contagion. The most superficial observer could hardly have failed to perceive how serious the situation had become. The rebellion had been but just suppressed by great and sustained exertions. The pacification of India was as yet incomplete. The enemies of British supremacy were watching eagerly the progress of

the dispute, and some of the native troops that had hitherto remained faithful were doubtless inspired with a belief that they too might have an opportunity of making fresh terms with the Government. The aspect of affairs could hardly have been more menacing. But the prudence and forbearance of the Commander-in-Chief allayed for the time the open discontent of the troops. It was pointed out to them in a General Order, that if they had any grievance to complain of, their remonstrances must be made in a respectful manner through the proper channel. It was shown to them that, if they had been aggrieved, it was by an Act of Parliament, and that their proper remedy lay in addressing a petition to the Legislature, stating the grounds of their complaints. Commissioners were appointed to listen to the statements of the men, and to put them on record. Thus the immediate danger was got over, whilst another reference is to be made to the Government.

It will hardly be denied that the transfer of the East India Company's European troops to the Crown without entering into a new contract with the men was, to say the least, a rash and ill-judged experiment. Even supposing the legal opinion upon which the late Government professed to act to be clear and conclusive, there were grave reasons of policy against its adoption. But the question was one to be decided upon much broader grounds than mere technical considerations. The real charge against those who gave their sanction to the ill-advised decision of the Indian Government is, that they left out of sight altogether the peculiar nature of the soldier's contract with his employers, and unwisely attempted to put a new interpretation upon an agreement which has hitherto been treated as sacred in all transactions with soldiers, whether enlisted to serve the Crown or the late Company. We might also add that any Minister reasonably conversant with English character would have hesitated before approving a measure which could not but be looked upon as an invasion of the rights of the individual. Respect for those rights and jealousy of their infraction are largely felt in every stratum of English society; and it was an unpardonable mistake to attempt, by a mere technicality, to do that which was felt to be—if it was not in reality—arbitrary and oppressive. It was just one of those cases where a wise Minister, with a knowledge of English character, would have settled the whole thing by the light of common sense, but where a pedantic bureaucrat, unable to decide for himself, would have recourse to the opinion of the Crown lawyers, and shelter himself behind that opinion, however absurd and irrational it might be. These soldiers, whether rightly or wrongly, have been holding out for what they allege and believe to be their rights. They have done what Englishmen of every class do when they consider themselves aggrieved, and have remonstrated against being held to a contract which they never contemplated in their original engagement. The difficulty would never have occurred without some, if not adequate, cause; and the country will have a right to blame those by whose recklessness and ignorance the present embarrassment has been created.

In the above remarks, it has been our object to state fully and fairly the case for the discontented soldiers; and it will, we think, be admitted that they had some ground for dissatisfaction at the transfer of their services to the Crown. The soldier has ever been held strictly to the terms of his bargain—of that he makes no complaint, for it is the condition of his service. But he looks for an equally rigid observance of the contract on the side of the other party. In the present case, he is simply told that by the operation of a clause in an Act of Parliament his oath is transferred and his contract altered. Such a change is so opposed to the view which soldiers habitually take of their engagement, that it was not to be expected that it could be carried out without producing serious discontent. It was, however, open to the European soldiers of the late Company to make their complaints in a proper form, and through their officers. But they chose to attempt to obtain redress by intimidation and mutiny. They have been guilty of the worst crime which soldiers can commit—their discipline has been destroyed—and if these regiments are still retained, years will elapse before complete confidence can again be placed in them. However good may have been the grounds of dissatisfaction, for acts of mutiny there can be neither excuse nor palliation. At a moment of great public danger these men, by their insubordinate conduct, have added immeasurably to the difficulties of a grave crisis in the affairs of India. They did not choose to avail themselves of the proper mode of seeking redress, but preferred to have recourse to intimidation. Whatever sympathy might have been felt for them is extinguished by the means by which they have sought to obtain what they consider their rights. It is a lamentable thing to see men who have performed such achievements in the field as these troops have done in every Indian campaign, and, above all, in the year of the mutiny, disgrace themselves and the military character of the country. There will be serious questions for the present Government to decide, not only with regard to the settlement of the immediate difficulty, but likewise with respect to the future employment of these troops. Supposing it should be determined, as will probably be the case, to give a free discharge to those soldiers who do not wish to serve the Crown in India, it will then have to be decided whether it is wise and right to retain as permanent corps regiments which have given so fatal a proof of their want of loyalty and soldierlike feeling.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

LET not the ladies complain henceforward that their place and duties under the English Constitution have been left undefined. Some of them may have hastily concluded that Mr. Mill, who would, if possible, extend the suffrage to every man and woman, is, at least in theory, their true friend. But if they would listen to the advice which we have more than once offered to them, they would perceive that the actual power which they wield unseen, and without responsibility, is far more valuable than any strictly defined rights, such as are demanded for them by those indiscreet amazons who are endeavouring, on both sides of the Atlantic, to constitute themselves the champions of the sex. Many wives and some husbands are aware that authority may exist without being ostentatiously proclaimed. The maxims of policy which prove so valuable in domestic life should not be disregarded in their application to national affairs. It was said long ago that the wife of a certain statesman governed him, and that he governed his country, and his country the whole civilized world; and of these successive propositions the first was the least open to dispute. In our own day, even the most powerful Ministers must acknowledge that Parliament, and the press, and many other influences restrict the authority which they wield. It must be owned, too, that the power of this country abroad has not of late been very signally displayed. It is only as regards the influence of statesmen's wives in politics that any parallel could properly be drawn between the political history of our own and of ancient times. And it is easy to understand why this is so. In proportion as methods of party warfare which were formerly deemed legitimate become discredited, other and more refined methods come into use, and it is found that ladies show the highest skill in the application of them. And not only are the ladies very difficult to conquer in the conflicts in which they engage, but, if they should happen to be worsted, they become strongest in the very hour of defeat. However many battles they may lose, there is always an inexpugnable *quadrilatère* in their rear into which they may retire and securely defy the enemy. Defeat proves weakness; but when weakness is the greatest strength, every reverse goes to assure the final triumph.

In order to make this clear, let us, as writers upon military tactics do, resort to an imaginary example. Suppose that, in the crisis of a great Parliamentary conflict, the wife of a leading politician should endeavour to win over a few votes to her husband's side by disseminating through the hostile camp suggestions of agreeable consequences as likely to follow seasonable defection. We need scarcely observe that the case we put is entirely hypothetical. If certain assumptions must not be made, our exposition of amazonian tactics cannot make even its first step. A French strategist who desires to plan the taking of London may surely be allowed to suppose that the Channel has been safely crossed. We claim an equal license, and we shall therefore venture to assume, as the basis of this discussion, that the wife of a political leader has written a letter to an active partisan of the opposite side, pointing out to him that, in giving his vote to Ministers in an approaching division when it will be very valuable, his duty to his country will harmonize in the most delightful manner with his private interest. We must next suppose that the assailed virtue is proof against this blandishment, but that the subject of it considers that, although temptation ought to be resisted, it is by no means necessary that the proof of continence should be given in the wilderness. On the contrary, it is better, as well for one's own support in time of trial as for the general advantage of morality, that a few select constituents should witness the struggle and qualify themselves to celebrate the victory. It is known to be a common habit of provincials to boast to their untravelled townsmen of the rare spectacles they have seen in London, and the sight of the trials and ultimate triumph of a political Joseph would be certain to call forth all the descriptive powers of a returned tourist. In the ordinary course of nature, therefore, we are entitled to suppose that the lady's indiscreet zeal may have become known to some political adversary, who is so ungenerous as to try to take advantage of it. But it will appear at once that such an attempt would recoil upon him who made it. The lady's difficulty is her opportunity. Her rash assailant is driven back under a storm of ridicule, and she is safe. But let us be permitted to advance in this hypothetical region yet one step further, and to suppose that the House of Commons has been persuaded to entertain the charge and to insist upon knowing the lady's name. We must also proceed upon the assumption that the proprietor of the triumphant virtue has been compelled, by the power of the House, to betray his temptress to its vengeance. We omit, for the sake of brevity, to describe the repeated interrogations at the bar, the committals and recommittals to the Serjeant-at-arms, the sunken cheeks, wasted frame, and failing health of the honourable member whose constancy is to be supposed to be at last broken by severe confinement. Readers can supply "the time, the place, the torture" according to the vigour and variety of their own imaginations. We will only beg them to hold invariably to the belief that during this hypothetical incarceration the weather was extremely hot, and the Thames in the very highest degree offensive. Upon no other terms can we consent, even for the sake of advancing with a most important argument, to imagine for one single moment that the gallantry of an independent Liberal could be forced to yield to ignoble regard for self.

We suppose, then, that the House of Commons has extorted

the offending lady's name, and that the heavy penalties of a law which abhors corruption have been invoked against her. A gentleman in such circumstances might be pardoned if he grew slightly nervous. But the lady's sole anxiety would be to provide a becoming dress to wear on the interesting occasion. Further trouble than this would belong not to her but to her accusers, and to the Court which had summoned her to appear before it. On the appointed day, as the culprit is known to be at the door, the House, and specially Mr. Speaker, becomes fidgety. On her entrance, there is a general impulse, which only the sternest incorruptibles resist, to rise and take off hats. Mr. Speaker, whose duty it ordinarily is to impress the offender with a due sense of the overwhelming dignity of the House, becomes more and more uneasy as the tamperer with senatorial virtue advances towards the bar; and at last—politeness having conquered dignity—he rises expeditiously, and after a profound bow hands the lady into his own chair. Lord Palmerston thereupon moves that the prisoner, whom no gentleman, he is sure, would think of placing at the bar, be asked whether she will take an ice, and if yes, that Mr. Speaker be instructed to fetch one for her from the refreshment room. But the difficulties of indignant purity are only just commencing. What is to be done with this fascinating prisoner now that the House has got her? One's first impulse naturally is to ask whether the Serjeant-at-Arms is married. Alas! if he be, his wife holds no official position in the House. It were well perhaps to appoint a Committee of discreet members to make proper arrangements for the custody which the House has been so ill-advised as to undertake. But the nomination of such a committee will need to be cautiously proceeded with. Clearly it must include no wild young men, and it might be well to make the age which usually excuses from service on committees an indispensable condition of eligibility. We must have sobriety, but still excessive squeamishness would be out of place. The candidate for an Irish borough who lay in bed throughout the nomination day because a lady had seated herself in his chamber would be likely to impede the deliberations of the Committee by unreasonable scruples; and if such extreme nicety be generally prevalent among Irishmen, no native of that country need apply to be nominated on this Committee. For chairman, our own impression is that Mr. Spooner, who certainly has the confidence of many English ladies, possesses the highest qualifications. But the business would be one to which the question, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* would have a very forcible application. In spite of all the efforts that party spirit and incorruptibility could make, the whole House of Commons would, in the end, be beaten by one feeble woman who possessed the courage and discretion to rely only upon the natural weapons of her sex. The Committee would deliberate, and of course they would examine witnesses who were familiar with the treatment of female prisoners at police stations and houses of correction. They might report to the House that their attention had been directed to a painting by a well-known artist, in which women were represented as employed in beating hemp, and as liable to the further punishment of whipping, "but, upon mature deliberation, it did not appear to your Committee that either of these methods could properly be resorted to in the present instance." The House would perceive, upon reading the Blue-book of the Committee, that it had got into an untenable position, and that its only safety lay in a prompt retreat. The captive would be declared free, and requested, with many humble apologies for the rudeness offered to her, to return to her afflicted family; and it would be well if she should depart in peace and not insist upon remaining to propagate within the walls of the House the insidious doctrine that the Conservatives, if placed and kept in office, would make the very best Liberals.

Returning now from the realm of fiction to that of fact, we remark that some of the suppositions we have hazarded have been justified by actual experience. A lady who had formed "a casual watering-place acquaintance" with a member of the family of an Independent Liberal, took advantage of it to point out to the Independent Liberal himself that if he would assist to keep the late Government in office, the consequences would be a Radical Reform Bill for the nation and a place adequate to his abilities for himself. This, wrote the lady, a Conservative Government will do, and you could not yourself demand that even a Liberal Government should do more. One cannot but be struck with the similarity which exists between the argument attributed to the lady and that employed by Mr. Lindsay in his letter to a Continental friend. "There is not much difference between Whigs and Tories, except that for those who know how to manage, rather more is to be got out of the latter." Such seems to have been the process of reasoning by which votes were sought, and sometimes gained, previously to the late division. But we cannot help inquiring why the member for Northampton should have been selected to undergo these blandishments. It cannot have been because the lady who saw Radical Reform Bills and Colonial Governments looming in the future had been unable to form a "casual watering-place acquaintance" with any member of the family of any other Independent Liberal. Our own conjecture is that the hereditary reputation of the Gilpins for gallantry and Quixotic enterprise determined the political siren in the choice of her expected victim. The famous linen-draper who, at a lady's bidding, mounted a mettled horse, and essayed to ride to Edmonton, may figuratively represent a Liberal M.P., who, under like persuasion, should mount the

dangerous horse called "Independence," and try to join the procession of the Tories. It would have been better for John Gilpin if, instead of listening to his wife's persuasions, he had stuck to his business in Cheapside and had never crossed a horse; or, if he must go to Edmonton, had ridden thither inside a chaise. Warned by his ancestor's experience, the member for Northampton has declined to attempt, even at the bidding of a lady, any dangerous and unprofitable equitation. He has wisely remembered that his only object was to get to Edmonton, and that he would be, to say the least, equally sure of reaching it by taking a place in the regular coach as if he risked his political life by mounting a self-willed and ungovernable steed.

OUR NATIONAL GALLERIES.

WE have three recognised National Galleries of pictures—one in Trafalgar-square, one at Marlborough House, and a third in the Brompton Boilers; and people who live in different districts of the metropolis can drop in now and then on one or other of these—at the last-named even by gaslight—and so satisfy their artistic longings. A Commission, too, has been appointed to sit upon the Boilers, to determine how the paintings may be saved from the destructive influence of gas. They are men capable of grappling with so important a problem, and we wish them well through it. The legitimate Art-world is, however, under some misapprehension regarding National Galleries in general, having heretofore taken no notice of the prodigious number scattered over the country at the various railway-stations, and we have not yet seen from South Kensington any report on the influence these are likely to exert on popular taste. From long experience we have seriously felt that influence; and surely it is a subject to which it is high time that the attention of those should be called who profess to direct the masses in their blind gropings in the regions of art.

Many years ago it was proposed, in the columns of a leading journal, that the grand opportunities yielded by the greater railway-stations should not be lost to art; and it was suggested that the vast spaces of bare wall afforded there might be efficaciously employed for the benefit of all classes if they were covered by grand historical frescoes and such like adornments—the only difficulty being that no one came forward to propose any mode of remuneration to the artists. The Directors did not seem to see that it would increase the goods or passenger traffic; and of the shareholders—whose money was far spent in litigation with rival companies—not one came forward with a proposition to deduct one per cent. more from their dividends for the furtherance of this patriotic object. But in a free country, art, like commerce, prospers best when let alone; and the genius of our great commercial advertising firms has solved the question in a way alike satisfactory to themselves and the public. We speak on the subject with authority, for we have had occasion to spend much leisure time at railway-stations waiting the advent of tardy trains; and, after exhausting the pictorial backs of the fiery books in the stalls—gloomy monks, gallant cavaliers, daring horsemen, and yellow frigates—we have many a time turned to the walls of the building for further amusement and instruction.

The artistic merits of the works "above the line," as it is termed by painters, are various, and they are in different walks. Some unambitious efforts are essentially of a matter-of-fact kind—faithful reproductions of scenes in everyday life, such as the "Bedstead sent free by post," the striking picture of the great "Gray's Inn Gin Distillery," established for the benefit of its legal inhabitants, and of the great hall piled with butts of South African sherry at 20s. and 24s. per dozen. Others, however, aim at higher things; and in connexion with the last-named *genre* subject there is a special portrait of a model Cape Uncle Tom, also labelled "South African Sherry," well deserving notice. So young, so fresh, so pure in colour, your wandering imagination pictures the happy negroes among the vines, the grown boys and girls mirthful at their work, and the frizzle-headed children lying on their backs kicking their heels in the air, and laughing at bunches of South African grapes. At once you rush to the mart and lay in a cask of South African sherry at 24s. per dozen. Turn from this delightful subject, and the eye is caught, as in other galleries, by one of quite a different caste. A naughty-looking young lady labelled "Magnetic Attraction" is brushing her golden hair, looking at you with eyes so wicked and so wide-awake that you at once feel either that she has just got out of bed with the lark on a fresh dewy morning, or else, if she is going there, that she has but little chance of sleeping for some hours to come. But the erratic ideas called up by this picture are at once corrected, when you turn to the portraits of the two stately commercial gentlemen under green and blue alpaca umbrellas. How noble and severe they look! Beneath their admirably-fitting frocks their hips are narrow and their shoulders broad; they stand six-feet-two in their spotless Wellingtons; and their waistcoats of dazzling white, and other sartorial appointments, with their calm countenances, at once proclaim to all the world that they are model husbands, householders, electors, perhaps even vestrymen, and that they patronize "Sangster's silk and alpaca umbrellas."

And is there a father whose heart is not touched by the spectacle of "Charley in his Nursing-chair?" This is a strictly moral picture, bringing out strongly the influence of early physical treatment on the development of the infant mind. Charley is not only made a better boy, but he is early taught the value of time, for he "nurses, amuses, exercises, and weighs himself" all

at the same moment. Look on this picture and on that. Home is miserable in one, and made happy in the other. Poor little Charley, in the first, is in the lap of woman. His teeth are perhaps bad. He refuses to be fed or to be comforted, and squalling and kicking right and left, he breaks all the dishes, sends his grandmother into fits, and throws mamma almost into hysterics. But there is balm in Gilead, and there are quieting chairs for the nursery; for no sooner does papa purchase the necessary tranquillizing weighing machine, than baby becomes an earthy cherub, eats his food (the genuine *Revalenta Arabica*) like a good 'un, and his older sister Anna Maria rushes forward and proclaims to mamma that Charley weighs twenty-five pounds.

Turn we from this to other scenes bearing upon domestic joys. Is there a wife or a husband whose heart does not responsively beat at the grand spectacle, panoramic in extent, of the Royal *Magasin de Nouveautés*. The windows are magnificent, the pavement in front broad and tidy. A coroneted carriage stands on the causeway with a wigged coachman on the box, and by the right-hand window are three magnificent calved creatures with gold-tipped poles, engaged in colloquy sublime. We cannot speculate on the subject of their converse, for our eyes are riveted by the gorgeous display of cloaks, shawls, and skirts within the panes, at which are intently gazing from without, fair and stately ladies in the form of crinolined isosceles and equilateral triangles. Obsequious gentlemen stand alongside, saying, "My dear, which would you prefer?" and one all alone, and even better than these, with outstretched hand, is evidently exclaiming, "Good gracious! this is just the place for my wife; I'll call a Hansom, and run and fetch her." The companion picture to this is the house of sorrow, established for the vending of Court, Family, and Complimentary Mourning. The same coroneted carriage with its wigged coachman stands opposite the door. Lady Mary with her four daughters are inside the *Maison de Deuil*, half consoled for their heavy loss by the pleasure of selecting their mourning weeds from such a first-class establishment; and the gorgeous calved creatures, still in scarlet plush, stand outside in solemn converse with other gentlemen in suits of sombre uniform. To-morrow will veil their splendour in suits of complimentary sables.

Or shall we stop for an instant to delight our eyes with the interior of the "Euston Piano Manufactory?" Truly it is a noble hall, with instruments of music all ranged in order. Near on the right stands the young, the fair, the yellow-haired, the whiskerless, the Honourable Augustus de Courcy. With hat held gracefully in hand he bends over the piano, which his fair bride (late the Lady Seraphina Fitz-Chanticleer) touches with flying fingers. They were but lately united; but, though the days of nominal courtship are past, De Courcy has not yet ceased to be a lover, and scarce had he called his Seraphina his own when he rushed to the piano mart, that she might select her own instrument on which unrestrainedly to perform those divine airs from *La Traviata* to which their hearts so beat in unison at Covent Garden. So rapt are they in each other, and so intent on the selection of this instrument, that they are quite unaware of the Dutch concert resounding through the spacious hall from the performance of half a dozen other parties similarly employed.

Let us look, ere we pause, at pictures of a more masculine kind. And where shall we find them so nobly displayed as in the innumerable subjects so graphically illustrative of "Thorley's food for cattle." A master has indeed been at work here. Is it Landseer, Ansdell, or Herring who so easily grasps the whole range of domestic animals; and has Leech, taken to oils, lent a hand at the hunters? Surely the last-named artist must have something to do with it. Look at that poor brute with quivering tail and so groggy in the knees. Certainly his case is hopeless. But no! No sooner has he partaken of Thorley's food, than he looks as brisk as a bee, and steps out to the hunting-field like a three-year-old. Had Thorley lived in Pharaoh's days, the vision of lean cattle would have been too gross for belief. Look at that charming cattle-yard scene (Herring). The Ducks seem made for green peas, the cocks and hens may be roasted when you please, and the very pigs, no longer truculent and irascible, seem, like Charley in the chair, well content with their food, eager to be weighed, and as happy as their lives are long. Paradise for the nounce has come again; horses and oxen all look sleek and fair; and the very prize labourers and jolly farmers seem as if fed on Thorley's food for cattle. We shrewdly suspect that since the advertisement of this aliment began, Sir Edwin Landseer has made a good thing of it, and that animal painting has in general been looking up; and we offer these few remarks as a hint, that in other walks of art, architectural artists and landscape painters inspired by the disciples of Mechi may yet find new fields in which to exercise their talents.

GOLIGHTLY GAGGED.

THERE is something grand and sublime in the idea of a reformer unattached. In old heroic times Hercules went about setting everybody and everything to rights. We can hardly understand why this great, good-natured giant fancied that he had a special vocation to put down nuisances and to slaughter all the lions and bulls of Greece which never did him any harm. That stable of Augeas hardly stank in his own proper nostrils. But, being the son of Jove, it was his vocation. And the race of those who have a mission to bring every offender to justice has

never ceased. There has been an historical succession of block-heads and busybodies who have felt the mighty constraint laid upon them to act as Attorney-General for all mankind. This was the high calling of knights errant, and of poor silly Cruden, the Concordance maker—Alexander the Corrector, as he called himself. In our own degenerate days the type of the universal redressor has somewhat dwindled. Now and then an average specimen occurs—generally in the form of a Correspondent to the *Times*—but he seldom undertakes more than a special and single wrong of humanity. The man who has now-a-days a mission is, for the most part, only delegated to put down crinoline, or perambulators, or advertising vans, or suicide, or hopscotch on the pavement. In country parishes, we believe, larger aims occasionally fire the public champion; and there is usually an old lady, who not only gives everybody a bit of her mind, but is always giving the person a dressing, or setting the doctor to rights, or bringing the squire to his bearings. To be sure, the old lady is a common nuisance, but public benefactors make up their minds to this. Tartuffe relished the public hiss—Hudibras gloried in his pummelling—and, so far, it is unquestionable that busybodies and scandal-mongers, and those who have a call to set everybody to rights, have much the best of it. The very detestation and abhorrence in which they are held is only a form of that notoriety which they seek. There is but one conceivable way of dealing with public reformers when their zeal for the general good leads them to injure their neighbour—which is, to make them pay for their anxiety for other people's concerns, and for their souls in particular. A little wholesome Lynch-law sometimes cools the ardour of the village regenerator—an old gossip gets an occasional taste of a horse-pond—and a rustic charivari now and then salutes the Anacharsis Clootz of our smaller communities.

One of the most notorious Paul Pry's of the day has just received a lesson. Who that knows Oxford has not heard of Mr. Golightly, of Holywell-street? He is part of the place. He is the Delator-General, not only of Oxford, but of the whole Church. If anybody is wanted to do a job extremely dirty and offensive, such as signing a protest complaining of a sermon, or denouncing a brother clergyman, Mr. Golightly is the man for it. His ears, being particularly acute, are always pricked up and open to the faintest suspicion of heresy. If an anonymous letter is to be written, it is sure to be written; but immediately a whiff and suspicion of Holywell-street, Oxford (not altogether, in respect of unsavoury stories, unlike its London congener) expands itself—there is a rustle and a cackle—and Oxford is aware that Mr. Golightly is incubating an ecclesiastical egg, and sitting upon some mare's nest of heterodoxy. Is a sermon to be complained of—all men turn at once to Golightly? Has the Vice-Chancellor indulged in a mild Havannah—have any of the doctors, proctors, or professors ordered an additional pipe of port or keg of whisky—is there a rumour of a flirtation between a canon of Christ Church and the Pope's niece—has a shooting-jacket, a crucifix, or a crinoline been smuggled into the porter's lodge at St. Barnabas—is it currently reported that in the long vacation a Bampton Lecturer was found at a casino or a bull-fight—to a certainty a letter will appear in the *Record*; and the curious thing is, that immediately the name of Golightly flits through every common room. Common consent fixes upon the reverend gentleman as the embodied Indignation-Meeting.

Lately, the Reverend Mr. Golightly, having just done something in the way of getting up an information against the abomination of crosses and candlesticks at Cuddesden, has taken a higher and longer flight. And here let us notice a peculiarity of Mr. Golightly. With all his zeal for the Church, how odd it is that he takes no work in it! As he is a man of means, as well as orthodox, why should he not spend himself as a missionary in Shoreditch or Whitechapel. There is plenty of work for him to do; and he might just as well convert the heathen as convert his brethren. But this is not his line. His line is that of Hood's Trumpet, to collect all—

The tales of shame,
The constant runnings of evil fame,
Foul and dirty, and black as ink,
That the ancient gossips with nod and wink,
Pour in his ears like slops in a sink.

He has lately picked up a discontented curate and displaced schoolmaster at some wretched village in Sussex, with which the Bishop of Oxford is in some way connected, and has got up a wonderful history of the Popery or Tractarianism of the rector, one Mr. Randall. The story is made up of those inconceivably wretched fiddle-faddles which one hears of only in newspapers. The rector wore some sort of waistcoat which Mr. Golightly did not like, and had written a paper—which, as it seems, the schoolmaster had purloined—and this paper was full of heresy; and there was something about Dr. Manning and the Pope in it. Well, the *Record* cackled over the whole story for months, and many old ladies, petticoated and cassocked, waxed very edifying about "the great Lavington case." It was brought before Mr. Randall's diocesan, the Bishop of Chichester, and that Prelate, who is certainly as easily frightened at the suggestion of scarlet as any of his brethren, was very much taken aback. But, upon examining the case, it turned out to be a complete mare's nest; the offending rector was thoroughly vindicated, the curate-informer was very episcopally snubbed, and there the matter ought to have rested.

But this was just the opportunity for the descent of the great Golightly. Here was a chance for the Corrector-General. To

be sure, he is only a clergyman, without any duty except that which is said to be Satan's, to accuse the brethren; so he moved, and moved the Queen's Bench, much to his own satisfaction and that of the lawyers he employed, to compel the Bishop to prosecute Mr. Randall. The recent Church Discipline Act gives the Bishop power in any case of complaint to prosecute a clergyman for any alleged breach of the law canonical. Mr. Golightly, the Oxford clergyman, complains of all the misdoings of this Mr. Randall, the Chichester rector. The Bishop replies that he had investigated the case, and that, in the exercise of his discretion, he judged that it was not one in which to institute proceedings. Mr. Golightly moves for a *mandamus* to compel the Bishop to institute proceedings; and after three days' argument, the rule *nisi* which Mr. Golightly had gained is discharged *with costs*—the Court of Queen's Bench holding unanimously that the Bishop's power in such a case is discretionary, that Mr. Golightly had no grievance and no *locus standi*, not having been personally aggrieved by Mr. Randall's sayings and doings. He has, therefore, to pay the expenses on both sides.

We sincerely trust that this very wholesome result will have the advantage of scotching the Golightly brood. Informers may have a high and lofty vocation—the late Mr. Stowell had doubtless the same consciousness of a great vocation—but, after all, everybody rejoices when they get this sort of reward. Mr. Golightly has done his duty—it is a costly duty—he has his reward in his lawyer's bill. And the public owes him great gratitude for getting this decision out of the Queen's Bench. Had the law been otherwise—had it been in the power of every meddlesome person to appeal to the Bishop in every case of alleged clerical misbehaviour, and were the Bishop compelled on every complaint to prosecute—all that we can say is, it would soon be utterly impossible to get any gentleman to take the office of either Bishop or clergyman. Nor can we forget that the power claimed by Mr. Golightly tells both ways. It may be, and would be, just as terrible a weapon against one party in the Church as against the other. There are plenty of zealous and spiteful parishioners, and plenty more who are not parishioners, who would like to try ecclesiastical law for offences against the rubric on the part of Islington and Cheltenham clergy. It is a great thing that the Court has decided that it is not everybody's business to prosecute every person whom, for any or no reason, they dislike. As to the Bishop, had Mr. Golightly succeeded in his application, there is not a prelate on the Bench who would not be ruined in a twelvemonth. For what Mr. Golightly contended for was this—that the Bishop *must*, on the mere complaint of anybody, issue a commission and become the prosecutor, and, being the prosecutor, of course bear all the expenses. There have been cases in which such a prosecution has cost the Bishop four, five, or even six thousand pounds. Now, there is not a parish in England in which, in any week, a case of some sort or other, quite as formidable on an *ex parte* statement as that against Mr. Randall of Lavington, might not be got up against the parson. There is always some aggrieved schoolmaster, or curate, or pew-opener, or gossip, ready with his or her tale against the parson. We should do the clergy of England perhaps injustice in saying that their ranks contain more than one Golightly. But while he survives, the whole Church is at his mercy—or rather would have been at his mercy, had not the Queen's Bench interfered in behalf of outraged common sense and common decency.

But what a loss to Mr. Golightly to have his promising career of usefulness thus cut short by the unsympathizing Queen's Bench! What *Chroniques Scandaleuses* would have poured into Holywell-street, Oxford! What tales of immorality, false doctrine and heresy, loose living and loose talking, dancing and card-playing, fox-hunting and salmon-fishing, have Mr. Golightly, Mrs. Grundy, and the *Record* lost! That pleasant journal recently suggested that the clergy of Sion College should hold a Court Clerical on one of their members for, if we remember right, going to Gravesend with the singers or school-children, or for profaning the Sabbath by opening a reading-room. And these are the gentlemen who object to the Inquisition and denounce clerical interference. Of all the tyrannies which disgrace and debase the human mind—of all the insolent interferences with the duties and responsibilities of others—that outrageous system which Mr. Golightly so faithfully represents is the worst; and we are thankful that this authoritative check has been imposed upon it.

REVIEWS.

MR. MILL'S ESSAYS.*

THE republication of occasional essays, which has now become so common amongst men of real or imaginary eminence, is a practice which has many obvious advantages, the greatest of which is that where the author is a really considerable man, such a book usually gives the measure and picture of his mind far more completely than more elaborate publications. A man who forms, and keeps up, the habit of periodical writing is

* *Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical.* Reprinted chiefly from the "Edinburgh" and "Westminster Reviews." By John Stuart Mill. 2 vols. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

his own Boswell. He paints his character and his mental history in a manner which is perhaps as unobjectionable as any which could possibly be devised; for, from the nature of the case, the portraiture must be unconscious and can hardly be affected. Anonymous authorship has its disadvantages, but it has also advantages which are not less important. One of the greatest of them is the degree in which the practice represses vanity. A man has little temptation to strut, and rant, and write about himself and his own feelings, when he wears a veil which prevents the world from knowing who it is who is behaving in that manner; and even if such temptations were present to the author, the character of the periodical to which he is to contribute and the supervision of its editor supply a corrective generally sufficiently powerful to prevent his falling into any considerable extravagances. Contributions to periodicals are, for these reasons, generally very fair pictures of the minds which produced them, and, when collected and published in chronological order they seldom fail to show with curious accuracy the nature of the stages through which the writers have passed.

These considerations give additional importance to the collected edition of Mr. Mill's occasional writings. It is true that their intrinsic value is quite sufficient of itself to ensure their lasting popularity, but they open a view of their author's general turn of mind, and of his opinions on various subjects of the widest importance, which it would be no easy matter to gather from his works on Logic and Political Economy. Notwithstanding their fragmentary nature, and notwithstanding the circumstance that the dates at which they were published range over more than twenty years, the essays before us present a singularly homogeneous view of the character of their author. The style of the later is at once easier and more correct than that of the earlier essays; but there is as much maturity, impartiality, and dignity in those which were published when the author was quite a young man as in papers written within the last few years. The general outline of one part of Mr. Mill's mental character is too well known to require any very minute description. No one who has any pretensions to being a competent critic can for an instant doubt that in logical power—and especially in that all but indispensable element of logic, distinctness not only of thought but of expression—he is altogether unrivalled by any contemporary author. In what we may call, by a somewhat violent metaphor, brute force of thought, Mr. Mill has not only no equal, but in our own time and country hardly any rival. Indeed, power of this kind comes to him by hereditary right. It is the special characteristic of the school to which he belongs—from Hobbes to Bentham. The peculiarity of Mr. Mill's mind is that, to the massive weight of such writers as these, he adds a richness of thought and feeling upon subjects not immediately connected with their distinctive doctrines which is not usually supposed to be characteristic of those who maintain them. In the mind of most persons a certain degree of dryness and harshness is associated with the kindred opinions—if they are not rather different manifestations of one opinion—that all knowledge must be ultimately referred to experience, and that utility is the ultimate test of morality. We shall not stop to inquire how far this sentiment is based upon fact. Whether it is so or not in other instances, it certainly is not confirmed by the case of Mr. Mill. The essays before us contain conclusive evidence of the fact that he is a man of very various accomplishments, of wide sympathies, full of the most warm-hearted generosity, and far more disposed to admire and enjoy what appears to him worthy of admiration than to dwell upon the shortcomings of those with whom he disagrees.

Though this is certainly one of the strongest impressions made by the perusal of Mr. Mill's essays, they present a very different phase, which it would not be right to pass over unnoticed. Every part of the volumes before us is full of heartiness and warmth, but they are also full of another quality which is by no means so pleasant, though it is equally or even more characteristic of the author. It is impossible to read them without being deeply and constantly impressed with the fact that he thinks very ill in the main of the world in which he lives. He is far too great a man to proclaim his disapproval of mankind and their ways either in a mocking, in a triumphant, or in a querulous spirit. He does not, so far as we remember, even express the conviction which we have attributed to him in set words; but it is impossible not to feel that he has a settled deliberate conviction that his lot is cast amongst a puny and feeble race, whose minds have not been able to conduct, with any approach to reason or judgment, even those affairs which they cannot help transacting. He speaks with high admiration of the condition of Greece, and especially of that of Athens, during the two centuries in which Greek history is virtually comprised. He feels great admiration also for the principles and conduct of the leaders of the Republican party in France in 1848, but in countless ways he conveys the impression—though he does not precisely state the proposition—that, though many individual Englishmen claim his affection, and a few his admiration, his general opinion of England at the present day is a very mean one. Hardly any reader, unless he were entirely devoid of sensibility or were blinded by the vanity which could suggest that his own case would form an exception to the general rule, could read these volumes without saying to himself, "If Mr. Mill knew me, what a fool he would think me!" With perfect refinement and courtesy on his own part, Mr. Mill chastises the narrowness, ignorance, and poverty of thought of his

readers much as a great scholar will convince a stupid pupil that he has only the most confused and elementary notions of the very rudiments of the subject on which he is receiving instruction. The influence which Mr. Mill exercises, and the popularity which his books enjoy, speak highly for the docility and humility of the generation of whose general character he entertains an opinion which would be contemptuous if he were not fully persuaded, upon purely rational grounds, that contempt is a sentiment which it is unworthy of him to feel, and which they are not important enough to excite.

It is on many accounts interesting to attempt to estimate the position which this most remarkable man occupies in reference to the principal subjects of which he treats. It is characteristic both of the man and of the times in which he lives, that the subjects on which he has obviously thought and felt most deeply are not those on which he has written most largely. The subjects with which most—and the most important—of his essays are concerned, are those great subjects of which the interest is altogether inexhaustible—morals, politics, and the social relations of mankind. There are various indications in different parts of the book that theology has also engaged his serious attention, though none of the essays is specially devoted to it. It may seem at first sight strange that, this being the case, the most considerable of Mr. Mill's works should have been treatises on Logic and Political Economy. The value of Logic is exclusively instrumental; whilst Political Economy, even when handled as Mr. Mill handles it, is but a branch of an infinitely larger subject, to which he has obviously paid the deepest and most sustained attention. It is difficult to avoid the conjecture that the choice of these subjects was determined, in a great measure, by the consideration that they were the only ones on which he would be sure of a full and fair hearing. It is universally allowed that they admit of being discussed in a purely scientific shape; so that such a discussion of them would give less offence to the feelings and less alarm to the prejudices of men than that of questions more nearly allied to the spiritual part of their nature. If the choice was not determined by a regard to the feelings of his readers, rather than by reference to his own capacity, Mr. Mill has certainly shown a very uncommon degree of that form of self-restraint which consists in refraining from the employment of the mind on the most important subjects which attract its attention.

The *Dissertations and Discussions* certainly fill up the hints which many passages in the works on Logic and Political Economy had already given of Mr. Mill's interest in the great subjects to which we have referred. That he is a nominalist, and not a realist, is sufficiently indicated in his book on Logic, and when that fact is given respecting any man, it is unnecessary to inquire further into his metaphysical creed; but the general view which he takes of human life and human nature is a very different and a much larger matter. We will attempt to indicate very shortly the character of Mr. Mill's solution or *quasi*-solution of this great problem in respect to morals, to politics, and to the standing institutions of society. In morals, he is a Benthamite of the strongest kind. He entirely accepts Bentham's view, that the test of the morality of an action is its tendency to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number, nor can anything exceed the vigour with which he has maintained this theory against Professor Sedgwick and Dr. Whewell. His criticism of the work of the latter on the *Elements of Morality* is perhaps as good an illustration of the crushing and triumphant style of composition as modern English literature supplies. Whilst, however, Mr. Mill agrees with Bentham as to the principle upon which morality rests, he entertains an entirely different opinion as to its scope. He contends that actions are moral which tend to produce the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but he denies that a regard to his own greatest happiness is the sole or sufficient reason why any particular man should act in a moral manner. The two principles are obviously entirely independent. "Wherein does morality consist?" is one question. "Why should I be moral?" is an entirely different one. Mr. Mill does not give any precise dogmatic answer to the second. We are inclined to infer from the tone of his most remarkable essay on Bentham, that he would agree with us in the opinion that no categorical answer ever has been, and that it is very possible that no such answer ever will be, given to it; but he suggests a variety of considerations which furnish partial answers, and which supply precisely that complement to Bentham's opinions for want of which they have incurred very unmerited obloquy. Morality, he observes, is not the only category under which an action can and ought to be viewed. "Every human action has" (besides its moral aspect) "its æsthetic aspect, or that of its beauty, and its sympathetic aspect, or that of its loveableness." Though the moral aspect "is unquestionably the first and most important mode" of looking at human conduct, "it is only one of three, by all of which our sentiments towards the human being may be, ought to be, and, without entirely crushing our own nature, cannot but be, materially influenced." Under one or other of these aspects Mr. Mill observes upon a whole class of feelings and motives of the most powerful kind, which were either neglected or but very slightly noticed by Bentham. Bentham, as he well observes, by directing his attention exclusively to the consequences of actions, was led to neglect their importance as evidence of the nature of the man by whom they are performed. Hence, conscience, self-respect, the love

of power in the abstract, of order, and of action, the sense of personal dignity, and various other essential elements in human nature, were barely referred to by him, though a full recognition of their immense importance is perfectly consistent with the adoption of his view as to the test of morality. This enlarged view of human nature gives singular grace and beauty to Mr. Mill's criticisms, and takes from them that harsh one-sided dogmatism which is commonly imputed to writers of the school to which he belongs. None of his essays sets this in so clear a light as his dissertation on Coleridge, in which, with infinite skill and the most delicate sympathy, he enters into Coleridge's method, brings out the strong side of his speculations, and shows how highly it concerns mankind that each of the great types in which opinion is cast should be fully represented.

In Mr. Mill's views of politics we are struck with the same union of solid thought with wide sympathies which characterizes his moral speculations. As in the one case he reconciles us to the sternness of his theory of the test of morals by the large view which he takes of that human nature of which morals are only a part, so, in the other, he combines the adoption of what many persons consider a fatalist theory of the general and irresistible tendency of the age in which we live, with a view of the general aspect of political affairs so wide, various, and impartial, and with so generous an estimate of particular classes of politicians, that we seem to regain, by the liberality and sympathy with which he discusses the facts, the liberty of which we had been deprived by the inflexible rigour with which he had previously laid down the law. He agrees with M. de Tocqueville, that democracy is inevitable throughout the Western world. It may come in the shape of democratic freedom, or in that of democratic slavery, but that it will come in one shape or the other he entertains no doubt at all. At this point many, perhaps most, speculators who adopt that view of the case are apt to stop. They lay it down that a certain state of things is inevitable, and chuckle over the downfall of every fragment of earlier conditions of society with an insolent contempt for the feelings of those who respect them, and an arrogant self-complacency as to their own superior wisdom and virtue, which are perhaps as offensive as any of the forms which bigotry and intolerance can assume. Mr. Mill never falls into this error. No one sees more clearly, no one denounces more emphatically, the evils to which democracy tends, and which, unless proper remedies are applied, it cannot fail to produce. We know not whether he was the first to point out, but he has certainly pointed out with more force than any other writer with whom we are acquainted, the characteristic evils which may be apprehended from democracy—the slavery exercised not so much over the body as over the mind by the tyranny of the multitude—the general dead level to which democratic governments, on the huge scale on which they must exist (if they exist at all) in modern times, would tend to reduce all merit and all intellect—the pettiness of the pursuits to which they would infallibly condemn or seduce the great majority of mankind—the destruction with which they threaten all the more vigorous elements of human nature. All these, and other evils besides these, Mr. Mill foresees with perhaps greater clearness than any other Englishman of this generation. It is with a view to the prevention of these results that his principal political reforms are planned. One great recommendation in his eyes of the system of opening public offices to unlimited competition—and it is the only argument in favour of that proposal that seems to us to contain any weight at all—is that it would tend, by strengthening the executive government, to provide a counterpoise to the power of a numerical majority. So, too, his wish that the endowments of the Church, the Universities, and foundation schools, should be regulated, proceeds upon the principle that confiscation is the other branch of the alternative, and that such a measure would be a terrible calamity, destructive not only of the most powerful means of promoting the growth of knowledge, but of all real independence of thought. A nation whose spiritual guides were entirely dependent upon the feelings of those whom they were to guide would soon become a nation of narrow-minded bigots.

In respect to the social relations, Mr. Mill's theories are naturally considerably less complete than they are with regard to morals and politics. Two broad doctrines are, however, intimated with considerable plainness. He appears to believe in an entire reconstruction of the relations of manual labourers to their employers, and also in the recognition of rights on the part of women from which they have hitherto been universally excluded. As to the relation between capital and labour, the change which he supposes will be brought about at some future time—of course indefinitely remote—consists of, or rather is based upon, two principles. He looks forward, in the first place, to the organization of joint-stock companies, by which labouring men will themselves become capitalists; and, on the other, he conjectures that, at some time or other, the subsistence of all existing members of the human species will be guaranteed by society at large, in consideration that its propagation shall be subjected to regulation. The first problem—the organization of joint-stock companies—has, to a small extent, been already realized. There are in Rochdale and elsewhere, at this moment, several large and valuable manufactories, the proprietors of which are themselves artisans, who live not upon wages but on profits. The second problem has not as yet reached the stage at which even its possibility can be patiently discussed.

On the question of the rights of women, Mr. Mill entertains

the opinion that they ought to stand and ultimately will be placed in precisely the same condition, as far as law is concerned, as men. We cannot agree with this opinion, but the subject is far too large to be discussed within our limits. Mr. Mill's view of it deserves notice, not only on account of the respect which is due to whatever he writes, but also because we think that it displays two of the principal defects of his mind—defects which, in him as in others, are intimately allied, although their alliance is hardly so well understood as it deserves to be. It would probably occur to any one who was asked to find fault with his writings, that the most obvious and prominent point of attack which they afford is the over-confidence which they show in the conclusions at which Mr. Mill himself or those whom he admires arrives. After reading page after page of inexorable logic, it is mortifying to find that the book contains much from which we dissent, and from which we feel that we are right in dissenting, though we feel at the same time that we can no more refute the arguments than agree with the conclusions. We constantly feel that there is a flaw somewhere, but that the discussion is managed with such skill that it is most difficult to detect it. We have not room to enter upon the examination of particular cases of this kind. The magnificent and characteristically warm-hearted panegyric upon the conduct of M. Lamartine and his colleagues in 1848 is perhaps the most remarkable of them, and the subject of the rights of women is another. These, for the present at least, we must pass by; but we will observe, in doing so, that the peremptory reliance upon the correctness of his own deductions which characterizes so many of Mr. Mill's arguments appears to us to be closely connected with the want of humour by which all that he writes is distinguished. Of all the qualities which a man can possibly possess, there is none which has so strong a tendency to keep him from mistakes as a sense of humour. It warns those who possess it of the errors into which they are led by their own understandings, with a sort of certainty which resembles instinct; and the want of it is almost always accompanied by a certain deficiency in what may be called the perception of mental perspective. Humour tells those who possess it when their conclusions are wider than their premises, and when their premises are incomplete; and, wide as Mr. Mill's mental horizon unquestionably is, it has occasionally appeared to us that he stands in need from time to time of a monitor to tell him that it is not quite unlimited, and that, inasmuch as certain elements of the subject in hand have been neglected, the result is more or less incongruous.

However this may be, there can be no doubt of the fact that humour is not one of Mr. Mill's many gifts. His books—and especially the book before us—is pervaded by a gravity so deep and unbending that it may almost be called Puritanical. There is not a line in the two thick volumes which can raise a smile. Here and there the refutation of an opponent falls into an epigrammatic shape; but, with these exceptions, every page is like a judgment from the Bench. Indeed, Mr. Mill's style is very much like that of some of our ablest judges. If Lord Stowell had written the *Essays* before us, he would have written them with more elegance, but with the very same severity, weight, gravity, and discrimination which Mr. Mill has shown in every page.

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL.*

THERE is much thought embodied in this book, and the author has worked hard to give his thoughts expression. What he has to say, he has taken the trouble to make part of his plot. The young authors of ordinary novels generally adopt the convenient habit of permitting their more reflective characters to indulge in philosophical digressions, or else the story is boldly interrupted, and the author honestly takes up his little parable in a direct address to the reader. A bargain is avowedly offered. If we will eat so much flour, we shall have so many plums—if we will let the writer have his sermonizing out, we shall have a plot, a heroine, and many comic phrases. We will not say that the teaching is in vain, for the philosophy is almost exclusively conceived for the edification, and published for the pleasure, of the author; and if he is made good and happy by it, who will grudge him his ewe lamb? But in point of art, it is a much higher feat when a novelist trusts to the action of his plot, to the circumstances in which he places his characters, and the course they are supposed to take, in order to produce the impression he desires. The great superiority of this method is that the teacher supplies not only doctrine but illustration; and the difficulty of contriving imaginary circumstances which shall really illustrate his doctrine is so great that he deserves great credit if he achieves moderate success. The merit of Mr. Meredith's book appears to us to be, that he has tried to work his subject out to what he thinks its legitimate conclusions, and that there is originality and boldness in the steps he takes to bring about the desired result. The book is full of faults, affectations, and ambitious failures; but it is distinguished from the ordinary novel of the day by having something in it.

The *Ordeal of Richard Feverel* is stated on its title-page to be a History of Father and Son. The Father is a philosopher, who tries to make the world square with his philosophy, and to bring up his Son to the highest limit of human perfection by shaping all the circumstances of his youth. The system breaks

* *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. A Tale of Father and Son, By George Meredith. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.*

down—the fortunate youth is miserable—the circumstances turn out the worst in which the boy could have been placed. The philosopher is beaten by the attractions which the outer-world, and especially the outer-world of women, will always offer to the most ingenious and virtuous. The boy, who is kept in entire seclusion, manages to meet a farmer's niece by moonlight, and to marry her before he is twenty. When he is married, and his father is playing off the batteries of a most philosophical anger so as to drive him to the exact stage and kind of repentance most desirable, the fascinations of the unsystematic world again triumph over the system, and the young husband is carried away by the trickeries and arts of a much naughtier woman than the young wife from whom his father contrives for a time to separate him. This, then, is the thesis which Mr. Meredith has been at such great pains to prove against its adversaries. Nature will beat a system. Fathers cannot so contrive the circumstances under which their sons will have to fight the battle of life that temptation shall be powerless. The doctrine is unquestionably true, but we confess it seems also to us to be a truism. We do not see that this moral has any bearing on human life which it can have been worth so much trouble and thought to illustrate. For, if we accept the tale literally, we know at once that the whole thing is entirely imaginary. No real fathers try to bring up their sons on a rigid system that aims at producing virtue by wholly excluding temptation. If there are any who make this attempt, they must be very few, and far too exceptional for the teaching of the book to have any general value. And if we set down the extremity to which the system of the elder Feverel is carried as an artistic exaggeration designed merely to produce a strong impression, and suppose that the meaning of the author is merely that systems of education should not be too rigid, this novel fails to throw any light on the question what is meant by a system being too rigid. What ought a father to do?—that is the problem. It is no gain to know that he ought not to try to shut up his son in a seclusion where the very separation from the other sex in which the safety of the youth is supposed to lie sets his imagination on fire. Let us take for granted what no one will seriously dispute. The difficulty is what the anxious parent should do—how much should he interfere, how much should he desire a certain kind of experience for the boy, how far is sense to be purchased at the expense of innocence.

We venture to guess that Mr. Meredith took up the subject not because he had any particularly definite lesson to instil, but simply because the problems which are suggested by the subject of a youth's education with regard to the other sex happen to interest him. Richard Feverel, the patient in the educational experiment, has a foil provided for him in the person of the son of his father's attorney, who appears at intervals in the book as humble companion and odd man. This young gentleman runs the usual course of gentish profligacy, and is acquiring a knowledge of town while his friend is detained by the parental system in the country. But in process of time he is touched and overpowered by the sweetness, beauty, and innocence of Richard's wife—viewing her not with passion or admiration, but with a mere emotion of what the author terms dog-like affection. This young fool is too brutish and insignificant a person to permit us to consider him as really meant as a contrast to the hero, or we might suppose Mr. Meredith an advocate of the "wild oats" theory which he elsewhere takes occasion to discuss and reject. Then, through the character of the minor personages of the tale there runs a strong vein of amateness. Even the philosopher himself makes or accepts a sort of half-love, which is provoked and tendered by a female admirer, and all the men and women in the book are open to flirtations more or less proper. Perhaps there is a sort of truth in thus representing the world, but what, for the purposes of the tale, do we gain by knowing it? Mr. Meredith plays, in fact, with his subject, and delights in viewing it in different aspects. Now he shows that strictness fails—now that laxity fails—now that the whole world is full of temptations. We are not helped by this, and we regret that Mr. Meredith should have written a didactic novel to teach us so little. A novel need not be didactic; but if it is, it ought to point in some appreciable direction. In the most famous of didactic novels, for instance, there is a lesson on the very subject handled by Mr. Meredith, which, if not an indisputably true lesson, is at least a lesson. In *Wilhelm Meister* the author invites us to observe that a wise man can extract out of the perplexities caused by the relations of the sexes food for his own self-culture. The doctrine of self-culture has not been accepted in England; but at least, if a man believes in it, he may be excused for submitting it to the reading public through the medium of fiction. But the mere trifling with a moral question does not seem to us either within the proper sphere of romance or a good use of the human intellect. Mr. Meredith does not follow the usual habit of novelists, and devote a mere passing remark to the deepest enigmas; yet, on the other hand, he does not appear to have deemed it a part of his duty not only to think long over his subject, but to wait until he had arrived at some sort of result before he began to communicate his thoughts.

In boldness of one kind, Mr. Meredith's novel far outstrips any English work of fiction that has been published in recent years. He does not allow any conventional notions of impropriety to stand between him and the description of the scenes he thinks

necessary to carry out his main purpose. In the third volume, his object is to show the strength of the temptations to which men are exposed when their worldly position or the advantages they can command are such as to induce those most expert in wickedness to bring all their machinery to bear on the work of ruin. There is much that is repulsive in the strange scenes which show how the lady appointed to overcome the hero coils him in her net, but no one can hesitate to say that it is the repulsiveness of a horrible truth. There is nothing shadowy, vague, or mock-moral about this portraiture of immorality. The author knows what he means and what he is talking about, and he puts it on paper. We do not object to this. It is quite right that there should be men's novels, if only it is understood at the outset they are only meant for men. There is every difference between Mr. Meredith's tale and such a story as *Out of the Depths*. The latter was not written for men, but for the general public; whereas the *Ordeal of Richard Feverel* is entirely a man's book. There is great danger in literature altogether shrinking from the topics usually handled among men, for men thus get an impression that all the representations of life given in fiction are hypocritical and superficial. And if a writer has to deal with such a subject as the arts by which a thorough-paced London intriguer gets a well-meaning man into her power, these arts must be represented as they are, or the effect ascribed to them will be absurd. But although Mr. Meredith is perfectly justified, if he pleases, in touching on such matters in a novel intended for men—and although we allow that an English writer who writes frankly when engaged in such a task, and who yet never loses hold of the main principles of English morality, is doing a service by preventing French novels being the only exponents of the deeper abysses of life—yet any one who undertakes the work places himself under a great responsibility. He ought to show that he has an object in view which will justify his presenting the public with what is at least dangerous and disgusting; and here it is that the weakness of moral purpose in the story tells to a serious degree. To show that an absurd and imaginary system of education breaks down under very powerful temptations, is much too useless an end to warrant the introduction of some of the most unflinching sketches of immorality that the pen of a modern Englishman has ventured to draw.

The minor characters of a tale are too important as indications of the promise of an author to be passed over when we are estimating the strength and weakness of the first novel of any considerable importance which Mr. Meredith has published. The reader must not be deterred by the poor wit and stilted affectations with which the story opens, nor suppose that all the minor characters are like the shadowy tribe introduced at the beginning. There are one or two really clever, natural, and well-drawn characters among the subordinate personages of the tale. There is a farmer who gives the hero a thrashing, and a nurse who comforts him in adversity; and, whether their appearance in the book is due to the memory or the invention of the author, they do him great credit. Other of the minor characters are overlaid with the affectations of the author, who is still in the imitative stage, and, in point of style, sits at the feet of Mr. Charles Reade. There are weary bits of landscape-painting at the beginnings of chapters, and it is seldom that any portion of the book can be called entertaining. But still, after all that can be said against it has been said, there remains this great plea on the other side—that it is a book out of the common way, and that the author thinks after his fashion, and is not afraid. If the *Ordeal of Richard Feverel* is all that Mr. Meredith can do, it is a failure; but it gives us hopes that it may prove the prelude to a work that will place Mr. Meredith high in the list of living novelists.

VILLEMMAIN'S ESSAYS.*

M. VILLEMMAIN'S Essay upon the Genius of Pindar opens with words to the following effect:—"The French Academy, with a view to the elevation and encouragement of taste and study, proposed some years ago a prize for the best translation, in prose or verse, of Pindar. Such a reparation was due to the genius of this great poet, too much neglected in France, even in the seventeenth century." A prize for a translation of Pindar may possibly do something to promote classical study in France, and the translation itself will perhaps find a few readers; but to treat such a proposal as a distinction due to the genius of Pindar seems to be a somewhat French view of the importance of an Academy prize, and M. Villemmain's Essays will, in all probability, find more readers than the odes to which they are to serve as an introduction. The fact is, that Pindar can never be a very popular classic, and, of all the classics, is least capable of being translated into French. He is, as far as construction is concerned, far more difficult and peculiar than any other Greek or Latin author of equal celebrity; and the subjects upon which he writes are altogether obsolete and alien to modern taste. Homer, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus—the whole list, in short, of school authors, with the exception of Pindar—are, to a tolerable scholar, intelligible with hardly an effort, and their themes are of a kind which is always attractive to men of every age and race. The peculiar sentiment with which the Greeks regarded their great games has in modern civilization passed entirely away.

* *Essais sur le Génie de Pindare et sur la Poésie Lyrique*. Par M. Villemmain. Paris: Didot. London: Jelfs. 1859.

A Derby Day has been compared to the Olympic Games; but, if the comparison has been made seriously, it can only have been made by persons who have never read the odes of Pindar. The great contests of Greece had a very different origin, and were of a very different character from the Epsom races. They were regarded as a solemn national duty, in which the gods of the country took a special and personal interest. To be victorious in these contests was considered a distinction of which a king might be proud, and was thought to be a special mark of divine favour. Such a feeling as this is altogether mysterious and unnatural to a modern. The very passion for athletic games which characterizes the English perhaps makes it to us more unintelligible than it would otherwise be. The sort of school-boy enthusiasm which a University boat-race or a great cricket-match excites seems to be so natural that it becomes almost impossible to picture to the mind a state of society in which a highly-cultivated nation could regard similar contests with such profound emotion as they once inspired in Greece. Pindar is, therefore, read at a great disadvantage. It is no slight proof of the greatness of his genius that he should have preserved even such popularity as he has. In an historical point of view he would of course be valuable, whatever were his merits as a poet; but, even as a poet he has, by common consent, been placed in a high rank.

M. Villemain, who rates very highly the beauties of Pindar, does not appear to think that there is any wide and impassable interval between him and modern thought, and regrets that Racine did not take advantage of such an illustrious model. It is, however, difficult to imagine that any modern, and, above all, any Frenchman, could succeed in a task which has been, since the days of Horace, a proverbial illustration of rashness. The Dædalean wings would, in all probability, have failed at the critical moment. Much of the charm of Pindar lies in the freshness of sentiment which is beyond the reach of a writer like Racine, however great his talent; and much also lies in the force and flexibility of the Greek language, which the French does not possess. The French language is for scientific accuracy of unsurpassable excellence, but this very excellence unfits it, in some measure, for poetry generally, and almost entirely for such a style as Pindar's. The Greek language, while it was capable of great precision, was also capable of forcible expression without precision; and to paint successfully emotions which are themselves vague and indefinite the latter quality is absolutely essential. The Latin language possessed this, without, like the Greek, possessing also scientific accuracy. Nothing can be more forcible than the painting of Lucretius and Tacitus; nothing more cumbersome than the circumlocutions and repetitions which Cicero is compelled to employ in the Tusculan disputations. A Latin poet might therefore, as far as language is concerned, have aspired to the undertaking which Horace declared to be impossible with much greater chance of success than a modern Frenchman, and we venture to dissent from M. Villemain's opinion that Racine or any other of his countrymen could have gained much by taking the great Theban as a model. To illustrate the difference between the genius of the Greek and French languages we need not go further than M. Villemain's Essay. Within the first few pages he gives, with a translation, a passage from one of the odes of Pindar, and a comparison of the original with the French shows how alien from the latter is the shadowy inexplicable grace of such a style as Pindar's. The same sort of distinction exists in some measure between Greek and all modern languages, and is the inevitable result of the peculiarities of modern thought. It is our boast that we have discovered the true method of physical science, and that the fruitless speculations of the ancients have given way to the tangible and practical investigations of chemistry and geology. The result of this change is that all external phenomena present themselves to the mind in a definite and explicit form which they wanted in the eyes of a Greek. The difficulty which, in consequence of this change, frequently occurs in translating a classical author is familiar to every scholar. In the passage of Pindar to which we have referred, an instance of this kind occurs. The word *ἔπει* is one of the commonest in the Greek language, yet it is a word which cannot be adequately rendered. In translating it into English we are obliged either on the one hand to use some such word as "creep" or "crawl," or, on the other, to content ourselves with some such word as "advance" or "proceed." In neither case do we give an exact equivalent. In the former, the physical and mechanical mode of progression acquires an explicit and definite character which it does not possess in the Greek; and in the latter it is absolutely ignored. Modern thought necessitates this kind of definite and one-sided representation. There are, indeed, in modern languages many words with different meanings—as, for instance, the French *marcher*, which means both "to walk on foot" and simply "to advance." In all such cases, however, the context determines the meaning, and resolves it into one of a simple and one-sided nature. In Greek this does not seem to be the case, and in the translation of words it is constantly necessary to determine which element in the meaning is predominant, and to express this at a sacrifice of the rest. We must either translate *ἔπει* by "glide," "creep," or some similar word, or on the other hand, we must expressly exclude all notion of the mechanical nature of the motion, although in the mind of the Greek author no necessity for such an analytical process existed.

It results from the change which thought and language have thus undergone, that one peculiarity which distinguishes in some

measure all classical literature, and the compositions of Pindar to a very marked degree, is no longer possible. This peculiarity lies in the slight and ill-defined boundary which distinguishes the notion of free-will from that of cause and effect. In Pindar mere abstractions acquire a kind of suggested personality which in modern writing must be either altogether dropped or more prominently brought forward. A modern writer can personify, if he pleases, the emotions and passions, or the laws of natural phenomena; but he cannot, like a Greek, unconsciously blend views which are now felt to be contradictory. In this, accordingly, there is, as it seems to us, a broad distinction between Bossuet and Pindar, whose writings, in M. Villemain's opinion, present a close and striking similarity. This resemblance M. Villemain illustrates by a number of passages from each author, with translations of those from Pindar. That they support his assertion to a certain extent cannot be denied, but it must be remembered that such parallels are very apt to be fallacious. In the first place, there can be no doubt that these extracts have much more in common when both are read in French than they have when those from Pindar are read in the original—partly owing to the fact that language is intimately connected with thought, and that, consequently, as we said above, Greek cannot be translated into French without undergoing a certain change; and partly owing to the fact that the translations have, in the present instance, been made by a writer whose mind was full of the point which they are meant to prove. In the second place, even if we grant that in the original considerable likeness may be traced between certain parts of Pindar's and Bossuet's compositions, it must be recollected that there is always danger of attaching too much weight to such analogies. Both writers are rhetorical, and both are devotional, and wherever this general similarity of tone exists, it is easy to select bits which seem to have more in common than is really the case. Any one who recollects how the so-called prophecies of Merlin and the mysterious words of the Apocalypse have been successively fitted to the most different events in the history of mankind, will distrust adaptations of this nature; and an impartial study of Pindar and Bossuet will probably lead to a conviction that the points of difference are more numerous than the points of resemblance between the natural eloquence of the former and the studied graces of an orator whom Gibbon has, not altogether unjustly, designated "the artful."

The epithet "Lyric" appears to be properly applied to short poems in honour of the gods or of distinguished men. It has come, by a not unnatural transition, to be used for all poetry in which the emotions of the heart, rather than the events of life, supply the material. It is in this sense that M. Villemain has used it in his Essay. He has traced the fluctuations of the "lyrical"—or, what is pretty much the same thing, the "poetic"—element in the different ages of the world. Upon such a theme it is obviously easy to say something, and impossible to say everything. Most persons, therefore, who read M. Villemain's book will feel slightly dissatisfied with it if it is taken as meant for a complete history of lyric poetry; but if read as nothing more than a discursive essay by an accomplished and ingenious writer, it will not disappoint. The thread of the argument is, however, too frequently lost amid the profusion of extracts and illustrations with which it is overloaded; and the digressions, such as that from the verses of Herrera to the policy of the Crimean war, are in the latter part of the book somewhat too numerous.

A SAILOR'S WARNING.*

MOST persons could unveil the transparent incognito which the author of this book has assumed, but, as he has preferred to appear under a vague designation, we shall allow his authority to rest upon the description which he gives of himself as a Naval Peer. Whether it is that sailors have of late lost their taste for print, or, what is more likely, that they feel a professional disinclination to put forward what may be flippantly attacked as alarmist views, it is the fact that they have left almost exclusively to civilians the task of pointing out the dangers to which past apathy has exposed us, and the urgent necessity for exertions far beyond any that the Admiralty has yet learned to make. Those who have struggled with indifferent success to open official eyes to the perils which it is madness to ignore would be very ungrateful not to appreciate the value of such co-operation as professional experience alone can give. But to render the aid of a Naval Peer as effectual as it might be in the cause of navy reform, he should write simply as a sailor who understands his business and recognises the seriousness of the emergency which the country has to meet. A great part of this volume fairly comes up to these requirements; but it would perhaps have taught us more, and would certainly have exercised a much more powerful influence if it had been less deformed by scraps of smart writing, and imaginary, though not inapplicable, narratives in the style of Mr. Dickens's Circumlocution Office. There is something inexpressibly distasteful in the excessive flippancy with which the Naval Lord discusses matters which ought to excite, and do excite, more indignation than mirth. One specimen will suffice. The point insisted on is the folly of wasting ships upon trumpety little foreign stations while our home fleet is so inadequate as at present; and there is reason and

* *Our Naval Position and Policy.* By a Naval Peer.

substance in our author's representations. But the mould in which they are cast is, to say the least, inappropriate. The policy recommended is illustrated by a story of one Consul M'Phuss, at the Island of Barataria, which will serve as a sample of a great portion of the volume:—

During the Russian war circumstances led to the withdrawal of the British squadron from Barataria for the time. Urgent, convincing, irresistible, even pathetic were the remonstrances of the worthy M'Phuss. Withdraw the squadron, and the work of his whole life—"the preponderant British influence"—would be destroyed (to say nothing of its representative, left without an opportunity of airing his cocked hat). Nay, life and property would be unsafe! However, the orders were positive, the ships sailed, the six Calypsoes wept—they always did on such occasions—and Ulysses Brown-ides forgot them. Time wore on—the Russian war ended—the squadron, owing to most urgent representations from the Foreign Office, was sent back to Barataria, and Consul M'Phuss hurries off to the Commodore, to tell him that the shamefully deserted British community have survived their desertion. The incidents of the perilous time have not been many. Mrs. M'Phuss has had twins; Miss Angelica has married—in default of a naval officer—the master of the Corsair brig of Sunderland, a Byronic youth, with long hair and dirty nails, who recites Byron, omitting the *h's*.

The excuse for this kind of rubbish will no doubt be that it is necessary to be lively and amusing in order to be read; but we demur altogether to such an apology. No one can dogmatize safely on the qualities which may make a composition amusing. Tastes differ wonderfully in this respect. But the real objection to this unfortunate attempt at facetiousness is the utter incongruousness of the style and the subject. There is too earnest a feeling abroad to need to be coaxed and titillated into solicitude about the navy. Whatever may have been the case in more tranquil times, people are ready enough to study a sailor's warning without having it put into the dimly funny shape of a comic history of the decline of the British Navy.

To pass from the manner to the matter is an agreeable change, at least so far as that part of the book is concerned which really treats of naval subjects. Two facts, both of which are unfortunately suggestive of rather gloomy views, are brought into conspicuous relief. One is, that the faults which have disgraced the administration of the navy in recent times may be traced throughout the whole history of the Admiralty, in the constitution of which they appear to be ineradicably fixed. Admiralty reconstruction is the moral to which chapter after chapter points. The machinery of the corresponding department in France is held up as an example for our imitation; and, to judge by the results, not altogether without reason. But the grand defect of our system is less in the details of organization, bad as they may be, than in the want of continuity in successive Boards, and the absence of any guiding principle of action like that which has directed the energies of France to the steady development of her formidable marine. The conclusions of the French Commission which, ten years ago, sketched out a programme, since religiously followed, were founded on a thorough appreciation of what was necessary to make France a formidable aggressive naval Power. Everything which has subsequently been done has been inspired by the idea of ultimately humiliating England on her own element. A constant standard has ensured effectiveness. But with us no Board of Admiralty ever seems to have any distinct and settled idea of the strength to which the fleet ought to be raised. One First Lord is content if he can compare his performances advantageously with those of his predecessors. Another is quite satisfied if he comes up to the demands of the popular feeling at the moment. The inevitable consequence is that, in times of reaction from the indignation and shame with which, at periods like the present, the decline of our boasted navy is mourned over, the Admiralty machinery, having no force or life in itself, at once relapses into sluggish and ineffectual action.

Another circumstance which most persons manage to forget, and which very many would confidently deny, is that in our most glorious epoch, when no victory satisfied the country without a whole fleet of captured ships, and when admirals were condemned for gaining only slight advantages over enemies of superior force, our Admiralty administration was far from being up to the mark. It is true that our relative strength as compared with any single enemy was enormously greater than it is now, but with 140,000 seamen afloat, and with four times our present number of line-of-battle ships in commission, we had not a man too many or a ship that could be spared. We blockaded hostile ports, but we did it with fleets numerically inferior to the enemy, who did not venture to encounter them. Our continuous triumph was due to the superiority of our crews, and not to the overwhelming nature of the force which we could muster. Napoleon's great game for the invasion of England, the first move in which was to gain the temporary command of the Channel, failed more by the fault of his commanders and the caprices of the weather than from anything else. Thanks to the deafness of the Admiralty to Nelson's continual demand for frigates, the French fleet which ultimately perished at Trafalgar succeeded in leading its dreaded enemy a wild-goose chase, which left Villeneuve in a position to relieve the blockades of the French ports, and to combine sixty ships in the Channel against little more than half the number—which was the whole of our available fleet—while Nelson and Collingwood, in ignorance of the enemy's position, were far away at Gibraltar and Cadiz. The unenterprising tactics of Villeneuve after the indecisive engagement with Sir R. Calder saved England, and doomed the French fleet to speedy destruction by the hands of Nelson. But French admirals are not all

Villeneuves now, and no complicated game of tactics would be necessary to give France and Russia that which Napoleon schemed for in vain, the command of the Channel for four-and-twenty hours.

It is difficult to read our author's effective narrative of the naval strategy of Napoleon, in 1805, without the conviction that the English fleet, with all its advantages in morale and seamanship, was, even in the glorious Trafalgar year, in imminent danger of being for a time locally outnumbered in the ratio of two to one. What must be the risk which we run now, with about a quarter of the force, while the fleets of France and Russia have each approached to equality with ourselves! Until war breaks out it is almost impossible to appreciate the extent to which our home defences must suffer from the necessity of protecting our colonies and our foreign trade. It was this duty which absorbed so large a proportion of our formidable fleets in the beginning of the century, and yet it seems now to be thought sufficient if the whole navy of England can be brought in the course of a year nearly up to the strength required for the defence of the Channel, without leaving a ship to guard our colonies or maintain our prescriptive dominion on the ocean.

Few persons will take up the volume we are discussing for the sake of its politics, and least of all for its comments on the conduct of the press. We do not, therefore, conceive ourselves bound to say much on this topic. The suggestion—though it is urged at considerable length—that the press ought in prudence, if not in justice, to moderate its criticisms upon foreign Powers, is one which we scarcely looked for from a member of so outspoken a profession as the navy. Be civil, says the Naval Lord, or else be prepared—reserve your denunciations of tyrants and brigands until your preparations for resistance are complete. But on this prudent policy our preparations never would be complete. It is only by a strong popular demand, and scarcely by that, that the Admiralty can be goaded into adequate measures of defence; and if every warning which the press may utter against the perils which official apathy invites were neutralized by hypocritical eulogies of the good faith and pacific temper of a Napoleon, it would be a vain task to attempt to rouse a feeling strong enough to bear down the opposition of routine and sloth which have so long ruled supreme at the Board of Admiralty. We desire to see adequate defences provided against a possible attack, and for that very reason we differ from the Naval Lord so far as to think that, by pointing out the crimes which have destroyed the peace of Europe, and which threaten that of England, a stimulus is given to our defensive measures which more than outweighs the possible danger of provoking a powerful neighbour. We fear English unreadiness much more than French irritability, and we will risk a little increase of the latter (if it admits of increase) for the sake of urging the sluggish movements of our military and naval departments.

But these are topics beside the subject of the book; and if we have found the political advice of the Naval Lord somewhat questionable, and his fun not a little dreary, it is only right to say that he is always interesting and instructive when he keeps to his text and treats of "Our Naval Position and Policy." May his warning be heeded while there is yet time!

ISHMAEL.

WE rise from the perusal of this volume with mingled feelings of pleasure and mortification. Of the sincerity and piety of the writer we can have no doubt, while his learning and literary ability command our admiration; but on his practical sense and judgment we can place no sort of dependence, and it is vexatious to think that the important cause he undertakes to advocate should have fallen into the hands of one who seems indeed to be a sage among books, but a mere child among men and the circumstances of life around us. Dr. Arnold, whom we presume to be by birth a German, and whose erudition and literary accomplishments are quite worthy of the land of his origin, has been employed apparently for some years by one of our great societies as a Missionary in Asia and Africa, and more lately as chaplain to a hospital in London. He has been brought in contact with the Mahomedans on the shores of the Red Sea and elsewhere, and has had some experience, we suppose, in controversy with them. He has made himself master, as far as we can judge, of the Koran itself, and of the commentaries most in use and repute upon it, and has studied from long personal observation the practical working of its doctrines. The events of the last two years in India have tinged, as might be expected, with even a deeper shade, the horror he has naturally been led to entertain of the moral obliquities of the creed of Islam; and he has been led—whether by his own feelings, or by some inspiration from without, does not appear—to draw up the learned manual before us for the use of Christians in discussion with the Moslem, and for the foundation by the profits of its sale of a "Society for propagating the Gospel" among them.

If, in reading the works of learned Germans, we are often tempted to parody the remark of the veteran statesman, and observe, *Quam parvâ sapientiâ scribitur liber*, the volume before us might furnish a notable illustration of that venerable text. As a work of mere literary criticism, we could not perhaps easily

* *Ishmael; or, a Natural History of Islamism, &c.* By the Rev. Dr. J. Muhleisen Arnold. London: Rivingtons. 1859.

point to one more scientifically executed. The arrangement is clear and symmetrical. It shows, first the antecedents, the origin, and the progress of Mahommedanism. It traces the composition of the prophetic leaves which form the Koran through the different phases in which they reflected the leaning of its author to Judaism, to Christianity, to fantastic demonology, and again to pure Theism. It elicits from this motley compound the genuine and living spirit of the Creed, and exhibits its influence upon the various forms of belief with which it came in contact; and the author proceeds, in the second part of the work, to describe the history and character of the Old and New Testaments, and contrast the Bible and the Koran, Trinity and Unity, Christ and Mahommed. Now, if Dr. Arnold had been writing the natural history of the religion of the Egyptians or Etruscans, or if he had been a professor in a German university, compiling an edition of his lectures on Islamism, delivered to successive classes of intelligent and note-taking Burschen, he would have been satisfied to stop here, conceiving that he had performed an interesting task cleverly, and secured a place for his volume on the shelves at least of a thousand professorial libraries. But unfortunately Dr. Arnold has bethought himself that he has a practical duty before him. He wishes to make all this erudition and skill available for the solemn end of converting the Turk and the Infidel, and in recommending it as a manual of Christian polemics to divines and missionaries, he betrays the dimness and haziness of his practical views in a way that startles and grievously disappoints us.

Take, for instance, the second sentence of his preface. We pray, he says, "once a year," that God will have mercy on all Turks, &c., and take from them all ignorance, &c.; "but if the calculation of the infidel Bayle be correct, that were the globe divided into thirty equal portions, nineteen of them would fall to the dominion of Paganism, six to Islamism, and five only to Christianity, we must acknowledge that something more is to be done, &c." Whether Bayle meant by these proportions, however rashly assumed, to indicate numbers, area, or solid bulk, Dr. Arnold has evidently never inquired. Whether, supposing them to have held good, for either one or other, two hundred years ago, they are equally to be accepted now, it has never occurred to him to ask; but this is of little importance. But what man of common sense cares to know, except as a matter of mere curiosity, what proportion of the surface of the globe is nominally Christian or heathen, if indeed there is any meaning in the term; or what practical purpose can it serve to ascertain the precise numbers who are nominally, and nominally only, Christian or Mahommedan? The vital influence of Christianity is all that a sensible man concerns himself with, and that is to be measured in depth, not in superficial extension. It may penetrate and leaven the character of a few scores in a village, a few hundreds in a town, a few thousands perhaps in a whole country nominally Christian. The success of the preacher is to be measured by the intensity of the faith he has inspired in the few, not by the precipitate baptism of a nation. The promise is to the two or three who are gathered together in the name of their Master, not to the powers and principalities which inscribe His name upon their banners.

But our author does not even require a nominal profession of the faith. He throws in the teeth of the infidel the *political supremacy* of Christianity. A passage from one of the latter pages of his volume affords an extraordinary illustration of the confusion of his ideas on this point:—

A survey of the statistical distribution of the various creeds among the inhabitants of the world is truly appalling; and it requires a higher ground of confidence than ordinary principles of calculation to feel assured of the final triumph of Christianity. But apart from what has been previously adduced of the hopeful views of the Christian respecting the Mahommedans, there are certain facts connected with the statistics of the Church which are encouraging. It is acknowledged that there has been a steady numerical increase of Christians ever since the foundation of the Church, and that with the exception of the Apostolic Age, never perhaps greater than in the present century. Yet on equally dividing the additional numbers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, we obtain an increase of 33 millions for each, while in the preceding five centuries there was only an addition of 10 millions, and in the five before them of 7 millions per century. If, therefore, the leaven of Christianity be actively distributed by missionary operations among the "three measures of meal," which may fairly be taken to represent the Jewish, the Pagan, and the Mahommedan communities, we may confidently look forward to a period when "the whole" shall be leavened. The present distribution of political supremacy, also, in some measure relieves the darkness of the prospect. The Protestant states of Europe and America could not, a hundred years ago, muster 350 (*sic*) millions of subjects, including their colonies; and now they extend their power in both hemispheres over six times (*sic*) that number. Within less than a hundred years the population of Great Britain (*sic*) has risen from 13 to upwards of 150 millions, or about a sixth of the human race. A hundred years ago the Moslem powers of Turkey, Persia, and India, still ranked among the most powerful governments of the world. The two former are weakened, and the Mogul empire has yielded to English supremacy in the East.

We had purposed at first to italicise the most notable statements in this remarkable paragraph; but all special emphasis would have been lost where every line is more surprising than the last. The accuracy which the writer affects in particularizing the exact number of Christians, real or nominal, added to the sum total in each of fourteen succeeding centuries, is neatly illustrated by the looseness with which he estimates the population of "Great Britain"—under which title he must be supposed to comprehend Ireland, the forty colonies, and Hindostan—at 150 millions; and by the carelessness which, in so critical a passage could write, or suffer to be printed, 350 for 25—the number of millions, we

presume, he means to assign to the Protestant States of Europe and America in the last century. We shall not stop to advert on the candour and sense of a writer who, in marshalling the numerical strength of Christianity against Mahommedanism and Paganism, puts aside, on the one hand, the whole auxiliary force of Catholicism, and admits, on the other, all her Majesty's unconverted subjects in India and Caffraria.

A man then, it seems, may write a book, and a very good one, and not be able to discern a "hawk from a hand-saw." But it is painful to note such blunders in such a cause. On an obscure provincial platform, or in a Society's cottage tract at a shilling the hundred, we expect them and pass them over in silence. But when they appear as the garnish to a substantial volume of polemics, full of deep and recondite learning, elaborated with great literary ability, and calculated to form a manual of permanent value to those who would study the inner life as well as the outward history of Mahommedanism, the critic has no choice but to notice them. The reader may fairly demand to be put on his guard against the weakness of a writer who can thus combine a very high degree of skill and tact in the analysis of books with a marvellous want of sense in the appreciation of things; and he may learn to distrust the practical conclusions to which his author points, as regards the true policy of a State and the most hopeful methods of conversion, at the same time that he recognises all the merit of his work, as a clear and exact exposition of the most wide-spread delusion of the human race.

LOVE-LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS.*

SEEMING that the Library of the British Museum is increasing at the rate of about twenty thousand volumes per annum, it is not altogether so impertinent a question as may at first sight appear to ask occasionally why such or such a book has been written? The reading public, as it is called, is not nearly so much to be considered as the above-named establishment. The public is not obliged to buy every book that comes out, or, if it buys, is not forced to keep a volume that proves to be not worth keeping. But that hapless house in Great Russell-street has no choice. Be the article ever so airy a nothing, so long as it has a back, two sides, and certain printed pages, it must be given a local habitation on the library shelves and a name in the catalogue. The trustees, having no room where to bestow their goods, may pull down their barns and build greater. Librarians toiling to outstrip letter B, may find letter A bearing down upon them, swollen to twice the bulk it had when they left it completed. But the remorseless tread-mill of literature forces them to keep moving and gives no respite. As far as can be seen, there is only one way in which these suffering individuals can save themselves from a fate not unlike that which the *Times* the other day pleasantly predicted for Sir Cresswell Cresswell. They must condescend to take a leaf out of that ingenious book, the *London Directory*. Any one who has been rash enough to attempt a short cut from one great London thoroughfare to another must have remarked that, as a general rule, the queer regions he discovers are populous in a direct ratio with their shabbiness. Every house has its four or five bell-pulls and name-plates, and two or three distinct trades seem to be carried on under each roof. If of a democratic way of thinking, he will perhaps glory in the idea that by this tendency to concentration humble industry asserts its dignity, and the dingy little court makes as fair a show on paper as the aristocratic square. But a reference to the *Directory* dispels this illusion. It will be found that the acute Mr. Kelly does not allow any considerations of this sort to interfere with the compactness of his valuable work, and that in such cases he generally passes quietly from No. 2 to No. 22, or contents himself with the concise description, "Tenements," to fill up the gap. There can be no doubt that, however right in theory it may be that the existence of the horny hand of labour in the two-pair back of St. Giles's should be as distinctly recognised as that of the blood-red hand of Belgravia, the practical difficulties which stand in the way render the above course not only justifiable but unavoidable. Sooner or later the catalogue makers at the British Museum must adopt some such method in dealing with portions of the mass of literary matter which awaits registration at their hands. They will have to admit that there are purlieus in literature, and restrict themselves to indicating the locality where certain kinds of craftsmen may be found, leaving the rest for special inquiry to be made on the spot. The books that beyond all others require this sort of treatment are those which are made rather than written—those for which there is no occasion whatever—which owe their being not to any want on the part of the public, but to the superfluous energy of the manufacturer, and in the construction of which the subject would seem to have been the last thing considered—if, indeed, it was considered at all, and not selected by means of the *Sortes Virgilianæ* or the process of Judge Bridlegoose. There is no use in protesting against these works. They are as impenetrable as Pantaloon in his armour of padding; and in fact, like that character, they do not object to be knocked about, inasmuch as it draws attention to them. But there is no earthly necessity for treating them as books merely because they have all the outward and visible signs of a book;

* *Love-Letters of Eminent Persons*. Edited by Charles Martel. London: William Lay. 1859.

and if they must be added to the national library, it would answer all ends if they were simply stacked in some receptacle set apart for the purpose, instead of being duly catalogued and labelled, and set up on shelves like veritable works profitable for instruction or amusement.

The little book now before us, we fear, must be regarded as a decided, though not perhaps very obtrusive, specimen of this class. The modesty of its dimensions is praiseworthy, but, considered as a piece of bookmaking, it is not the less an offender on that account. In the first place, what occasion was there for a collection of love-letters of eminent persons? A collection of remarkable letters on various occasions—such as Sir Walter Raleigh's touching letter to his wife written after his condemnation, Cleveland's to the Protector from prison, Andrew Marvell's to Sir John Trott—would have formed a very readable and useful volume, and been interesting in many ways. But what interest, advantage, or amusement is any one likely to find in perusing a series of love-letters? A damnable iteration must necessarily be the chief characteristic of this species of composition, and whoever doubts the fact has only to refer to the dreary and wearisome productions which compose this volume. A selection of declarations in trespass or special demurrers would be quite as entertaining, and would present infinitely more variety. From their very nature they treat of sentiments and topics which, like the contents of the inevitable pocket-book in the second column of the *Times*, are of no use to anybody but the owner. Thus the reader is forced to take a position the most irksome and depressing the mind of man can conceive—that of third party while a tender *l'le-à-l'le* is in progress. Anybody who has ever been obliged to play propriety (for so we understand the martyrdom is termed) for a pair of engaged ones will fully comprehend the misery of the situation. You are *de trop*, and yet you must stay. They evidently hate you for being there, and yet cannot spare you. You are expected as a point of honour not to listen, and yet have to keep up the wretched sham of being one of the party. You are isolated without the comforts of isolation, and with nothing but envy to replace them. Somewhat of this sort is the position of the individual who sits down to read a set of love-letters; and it has this aggravation—that, instead of being totally innocent of what is going on, or at the worst being made privy to some scheme of future happiness or housekeeping, he is obliged to take in a quantity of stuff that is a great deal too absurd to be spoken; for, as every one knows, the main use of love-letters is to enable the writers to give vent to that nonsense which they have not the face to utter colloquially. In the present instance, the editor pretends that his book will be useful as a collection of precedents. "As most persons," he says, "feel awkward when they first set about it (making love), they may welcome an opportunity of acquiring confidence by taking a leaf out of the books of those who have distinguished themselves either in the world of letters or of action." This is clearly his *ex post facto* excuse for what he has done, rather than his reason for doing it. No man could seriously expect ordinary lovers to begin calling one another Philander and Sylvia, and moaning and whining after the fashion of those who may be looked upon as the classics of this kind of literature. Besides, is there not the "academy of compliments," with its "instructions how to accost a lady and enter into discourse with her," and how "to court a gentlewoman upon honourable terms"—which are not a whit more absurd, and infinitely more practical than anything they are likely to find in Mr. Charles Martel's book? The probability is, that instead of being due to a fixed idea that a "complete love-letter-writer" was a desideratum, it is the result of circumstances purely accidental. Perhaps it was a wet day, and Mr. Martel had nothing to do. After sundry vain attempts to kill time, a happy thought struck him. He would make a book—a little affair only—a small octavo of two hundred and fifty pages or so. As for the subject, just by way of a joke, he would cut into the *Times*, and see what turned up. His eye lit upon a breach of promise case, in which the counsel for the plaintiff compared the defendant's letters to the effusions of Swift or Abelar. The first idea that suggested itself was naturally that of a series of lives of "Eminent defendants in actions for breach of promise," which would have been a very taking title. But ascertaining that neither Abelar nor Swift did actually figure in that capacity, he limited his design to a publication of the correspondence in their cases. Odd volumes of Pope and Sterne, picked up on book-stalls, furnished more materials, and the remainder was managed by a day or two at the British Museum, which thus "views its own feather" in many of the additions to its groaning shelves, and has the happy privilege, not only of giving house room to the plunder of the book-makers, but also of nourishing the materials that impel them to steal.

But even supposing that this was not, what we believe it to be, the true origin of the volume—assuming that the editor felt such a powerful call to produce a collection of love-letters that no other mission would have satisfied his enthusiasm—we still find him open to the charge of having very imperfectly executed his task, such as it was. For instance, he gives letters of Swift's to Varina and to Vanessa, but not one of those to Stella—the only real love-letters Swift ever wrote, and the only bits of sunshine in that wild storm of misanthropy and satire by which we know the man. The Varina and Vanessa letters are admirable in their way; but they are to the Stella correspondence what a wax tulip is to a real violet; and very likely it is for this reason that they

are here inserted in preference. Then we have some eight of the letters between Goethe and Bettina, which are not love-letters at all, but mere gushes of vague Teutonic sentimentality, in which a young lady, anxious to do something out of the common, and an elderly poet, tickled by the delicate flattery, like a pair of contending skylarks, tower one above the other in successive bursts, among clouds of wordy rapture. Indeed, judging by the specimens we find here, love-letters do not tend to give an elevated idea of the effects of love upon the intellect. Burns calls himself Sylvander, and writes to Clarinda—whose real, but less euphonious title is Mrs. M'Lehose—in a style more akin to the Della Cruscan than to that in which "the words came skelpin rank and file." Nelson sits down "at nine o'clock at night, very tired after a hard-fought battle" (Copenhagen), and indites doggerel to his "Guardian Angel," Emma. Napoleon wants to know "what remains for him on earth without his Josephine, without the assurance of her love," and hopes "to embrace her before long, and cover her with a million burning kisses." This, to be sure, was at least twelve years before he divorced her, so of course he could not have foreseen that a marriage into a family of high rank was one of the things that remained for him on earth without his Josephine. As little perhaps did the Rev. Lawrence Sterne, when writing to Miss L—"whom he married," as the editor feels it necessary to observe—for gentlemen somehow do not seem in general to marry the ladies they write love-letters to), anticipate that, instead of singing "choral songs of gratitude and rejoicing to the end of our pilgrimage," as he proposed to do with the aid of that young lady, it was in the book of fate that he was to write some years afterwards to Eliza, speculating with exquisite sensibility upon the speedy termination of the above joint pilgrimage, requesting Eliza to keep herself disengaged, and promising that "not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Saccharissa, as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect." Altogether, the view either of human intelligence or human constancy which these letters give us is not a pleasant one; and perhaps to check our self-esteem by a display of our weakness was the Christian enterprise of this second Charles the Hammer. Otherwise he has produced, as we have said before, an exceedingly dull and purposeless little book.

NOTICE.—The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—LAST WEEKS OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS MANAGER.

On MONDAY will be revived, for a Few Nights only, Shakspeare's Tragedy of KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. CHARLES KEAN; Queen Katherine, Mrs. CHARLES KEAN. Commencing at Seven o'clock. To conclude with the Farce of IF THE CAP FITS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 10th.

Monday, Open at Nine. Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Open at Ten. Admission, One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence. (Friday and Saturday, 15th and 16th, will be the FETE DAYS OF THE EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.)

Wednesday, 13th, Open at Ten. FIFTH GRAND CONCERT by the ARTISTES of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY. Admission free by Two Guinea Season Tickets, or by One Guinea Season Ticket on payment of Half-a-Crown; to Non-season Ticket holders on payment of 7s. 6d.; or if Tickets are purchased of any of the Agents before the day, 5s. Children under Twelve, half price.

Sunday, Open at Half-past One to Shareholders gratuitously by Tickets. Season Tickets, price One and Two Guineas each, available to 30th April, 1860, may be had at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter Hall; and at the usual Agents.

MR. BALFE'S BENEFIT, at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE, on MONDAY NEXT, July 11th, when will be performed his Popular Opera, LA ZINGARA (The Bohemian Girl), with the following attractive cast:—Arlina, Mdle. VICTOIRE BALFE; Regina, Mdle. GUARDUCCI; The Count, Signor FAGOTTI; Lorenzo, Signor MERCURIALI; Devil's-Hoof, Signor LANZONI; Thaddeus, Signor GIUGLIINI. Conductor, Mr. M. W. BALFE. Private Boxes, Two to Six Guineas each; Stalls, 21s.; Dress Circle, 7s.; Second Circle, 5s.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Galleries, 2s. and 1s. Boxes and places may be secured at the Theatre; of Dooney and Sons, Holles-street; and the principal Music-sellers.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—LAST WEEK BUT TWO.—THE BURLESQUE ITALIAN OPERA EVERY EVENING.—Open every Night at Eight. The usual Day Representations every Saturday Afternoon at Three.

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SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, PALL MALL EAST (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dark. Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE HEART OF THE ANDES, by FREDERIC E. CHURCH (Painter of "The Great Fall, Niagara"), is being exhibited daily by Messrs. DAY and SON, Lithographers to the Queen, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 105, New Bond-street. Admission, One Shilling.

MATHEMATICAL LECTURE.—PROFESSOR SYLVESTER will deliver his EIGHTH and LAST LECTURE on the PARTITIONS OF NUMBERS, on MONDAY NEXT, 11th instant, at 7 p.m., in KING'S COLLEGE, London. So far as this Lecture unfolds the principles of a New and Fine Geometry, it may be understood even by those who have not heard the previous Lectures. All persons desirous to attend may do so on presenting their private cards to the Assistant on entering. Conversation for an hour in the College Library will follow the Lecture.

PUBLIC BANQUET and TESTIMONIAL to CHARLES KEAN, F.R.S., at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY, JULY 20th, 1859. Tickets (One Guinea each) to be had at Sam's Royal Library, 1, St. James's-street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Chappell's, 59, New Bond-street; Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; and Messrs. Keeth and Prowse's, Cheap-side; where Subscriptions for the Testimonial will likewise be received.

CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.—On SUNDAY, July 17th, SERMONS will be Preached in THIS CHAPEL for the SCHOOLS OF THE PRECINCT. In the Morning, by the Rev. J. J. S. PIERCE, B.D., Assistant Preacher at Lincoln's-Inn, and Lecturer in Divinity at King's College. In the Evening, by the Rev. F. D. MAURICE, Chaplain of Lincoln's-Inn, and Principal of the Working Men's College.

Morning Service at Eleven, Evening Service at Seven.

July 7th.

(Signed) HENRY WHITE, Chaplain.
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A CLERGYMAN, residing in Northamptonshire, who prepares Boys for the Public Schools, wishes to meet with a GRADUATE, either of OXFORD or CAMBRIDGE, who would assist him in the INSTRUCTION of his PUPILS. Salary, £80 per Annum.—Address, The Rev. R. A. M., Stone's Library, Banbury.

VACATION TOUR.—A CLERGYMAN, who speaks German and French, and has travelled a good deal abroad, intends making a SIX or SEVEN WEEKS' TOUR on the CONTINENT, chiefly in GERMANY, starting towards the close of this Month. He would be glad to take a Companion or Lad or a Young Man who would pay his Travelling Expenses. Very satisfactory references can be given. Address Rev. GHO. PERKIN, The Vicarage, Wickham Skeith, Stonham, Suffolk.

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